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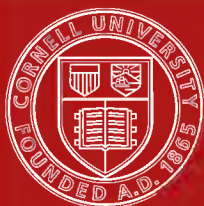
THE GIFT OF

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Program

Read as a  
Lycian Song

SELECTIONS FROM  
THE POEMS OF S. WEIR MITCHELL



SELECTIONS  
FROM  
THE POEMS  
OF  
S. <sup>las</sup>WEIR MITCHELL  
M.D., LL.D. EDINBURGH

London  
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1901

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## PREFACE

THE poems herein presented are selections from eight thin volumes of verse published in the United States between the years 1886 and 1889.

S. WEIR MITCHELL,

1524 WALNUT STREET,  
PHILADELPHIA.



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## ODE ON A LYCIAN TOMB<sup>1</sup>

### I

WHAT gracious nunnery of grief is here !  
One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood ;  
Each sad presentment celled apart, in fear  
Lest that herself upon herself intrude  
And break some tender dream of sorrow's day,  
Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray.

O, pale procession of immortal love,  
For ever married to immortal grief !  
All life's high-passioned sorrow far above,  
Past help of time's compassionate relief :  
These changeless stones are treasuries of regret  
And mock the term by time for sorrow set.

Ah me ! what tired hearts have hither come  
To weep with thee, and give thy grief a voice ;  
And such as have not added to life's sum  
The count of loss, they who do still rejoice  
In love which time yet leaveth unassailed,  
Here tremble, by prophetic sadness paled.

<sup>1</sup> On this famous monument, known as Les Pleureuses, and now in the museum at Constantinople, one and the same woman is carved in many attitudes of grief. These eighteen figures stand niched between Doric columns. Above and below are funeral scenes—battle and the chase.

Thou who hast wept for many, weep for me,  
For surely I, who deepest grief have known,  
Share thy stilled sadness, which must ever be  
Too changeless, and unending like my own,  
Since thine is woe that knows not time's release,  
And sorrow that can never compass peace.

He too who wrought this antique poetry,  
Which wakes sad rhythms in the human heart,  
Must oft with thee have wondered silently,  
Touched by the strange revealments of his art,  
When at his side you watched the chisel's grace  
Foretell what time would carve upon thy face.

If to thy yearning silence, which in vain  
Suggests its speechless plea in marbles old,  
We add the anguish of an equal pain,  
Shall not the sorrow of these statues cold  
Inherit memories of our tears, and keep  
Record of grief long time in death asleep?

Ah me! in death asleep; how pitiful,  
If, in that timeless time the soul should wake,  
To wander heart-blind where no years may dull  
Remembrance, with a heart forbid to break.—  
Dove of my home, that fled life's stranded ark,  
The sea of death is shelterless and dark.

Cold mourner set in stone so long ago,  
Too much my thoughts have dwelt with thee apart.  
Again my grief is young: full well I know  
The pang reborn, that mocked my feeble art  
With that too human wail in pain expressed,  
The parent cry above the empty nest!

"Come back," I cried. "I may not come again.  
Not islandless is this uncharted sea ;  
Here is no death, nor any creature's pain,  
Nor any terror of what is to be.  
'Tis but to trust one pilot ; soon are seen  
The sunlit peaks of thought and peace serene."

## II

Fair worshipper of many gods, whom I  
In one God worship, very surely He  
Will for thy tears and mine have some reply  
When death assumes the trust of life, and we  
Hear once again the voices of our dead,  
And on a newer earth contented tread.

Doubtless for thee thy Lycian fields were sweet,  
Thy dream of heaven no wiser than my own ;  
Nature and love, the sound of children's feet,  
Home, husband, friends—what better hast thou known ?  
What of the gods could ask thy longing prayer,  
Except again this earth and love to share ?

For all in vain with vexed imaginings,  
We build of dreams another earth than ours,  
And high in thought's thinned atmosphere, with wings  
That helpless beat, and mock our futile powers,  
Falter and flutter, seeing nought above,  
And nought below except the earth we love.

Enough it were to find our own old earth  
With death's dark riddle answered, and unspoiled  
By fear, or sin, or pain ; where joy and mirth  
Have no sad shadows, and love is not foiled,

And where, companioned by the mighty dead,  
The dateless books of time and fate are read.

## III

What stately melancholy doth possess  
This innocent marble with eternal doom !  
What most imperious grief doth here oppress  
The one sad soul which haunts this peopled tomb  
In many forms that all these years have worn  
One thought, for time's long comment more forlorn !

Lo ! grief, through love instinct with silentness,  
Reluctant, in these marbles eloquent,  
The ancient tale of loss doth here confess  
The first confusing, mad bewilderment,  
Life's unbelief in death, in love fore-spent,  
Thought without issue, child-like discontent.

Time, that for thee awhile did moveless seem,  
Again his glass hath turned : I see thee stand  
Thought-netted, or, like one who in a dream  
Self-wildered, in some alien forest land  
Lone-wandering, in endless mazes lost,  
Wearily stumbles over tracks recrossed.

Oft didst thou come in after days to leave  
Roses and laurel on thy warrior's grave,  
And with thy marble self again to grieve,  
Glad of what genius unto sorrow gave,  
Interpreting what had been and would be,  
Love, tears, despair, attained serenity.



There are whom sorrow leaves full-wrecked. The great  
Grow in the urgent anguish of defeat,  
And with mysterious confidence await  
The silent coming of the bearer's feet ;  
Wherefore this quiet face so proudly set  
To front life's duties, but naught to forget.

For life is but a tender instrument  
Whereon the master hand of grief doth fall,  
Leaving love's vibrant tissue resonant  
With echoes, ever waking at the call  
Of every kindred tone : so grief doth change  
The instrument o'er which his fateful fingers range.

1899.

## THE MOTHER

“I will incline mine ear to the parable, and show my dark speech upon the harp.”

CHRISTMAS! Christmas! merry Christmas! rang the bells.  
O God of grace!

In the stillness of the death-room motionless I kept my place,

While beneath my eyes a wanness came upon the little face,

And an empty smile that stung me, as the pallor grew apace.

Then, as if from some far distance, spake a voice: “The child is dead.”

“Dead?” I cried. “Is God not good? What thing accursed is that you said?”

Swift I searched their eyes of pity, swaying, bowed, and all my soul,

Shrunk as a hand had crushed it, crumpled like a useless scroll

Read and done with, passed from sorrow: only with me lingered yet

Some dim sense of easeful comfort in the glad leave to forget.

But again life's scattered fragments, memories of joy and woe,

Tremulously came to oneness, as a storm-torn lake may  
grow

Quiet, winning back its pictures, when the wild winds cease  
to blow.

As if called for God's great audit came a vision of my years,  
Broken gleams of youth and girlhood, all the woman's love  
and tears.

Marvelling, myself I saw as one another sees, and smiled,  
Crooning o'er my baby dolls,—part a mother, part a child ;  
Then I loved, and ceased to wonder why I left my silent  
brood,

For the lessoning years went by me, and the instinct, love-  
renewed,

Stirred again life's stronger fibre, and were mine twain  
living things ;

Bone of my bone ! flesh of my flesh ! Who on earth a title  
brings

Flawless as this mother-title, free from aught of mortal  
stain,

Innocent and pure possession, double-born of joy and  
pain ?

Oh, what wonder these could help me, set me laughing,  
though I sobbed

As they drew my very heart out, and the laden breasts were  
robbed !

Tender buds of changeful pleasure came as come the buds  
of May,

Trivial, wonderful, unexpected, blossoming from day to  
day.

Ah ! the clutch of tendril-fingers, that with nature's cunning  
knew

So to coil in sturdy grapple round the stem from which  
they grew.

Shall a man this joy discover? How the heart-wine to the  
brain  
Rushed with shock of bliss when, startled, first I won this  
simple gain !  
How I mocked those seeking fingers, eager for their earliest  
toy,  
Telling none my new-found treasure ! Miser of the mother's  
joy,  
Quick I caught the first faint ripple, answering me with lip  
and eyes,  
As I stooped with mirthful purpose, keen to capture fresh  
replies ;  
O, the pretty wonder of it, when was born the art to smile,  
Or the new, gay trick of laughter filled my eyes with tears  
the while,—  
Helpful tears, love's final language, when the lips no more  
can say,  
Tears, like kindly prophets, warning of another, darker day.  
Thus my vision lost its gladness, and I stood on life's dim  
strand,  
Watching where a little love-bark drifted slowly from the  
land ;  
For again the bells seemed ringing Christmas o'er the snow  
of dawn,  
And my dreaming memory hurt me with a hot face, gray  
and drawn,  
And with small hands locked in anguish. Ah ! those days  
of helpless pain !  
Mine the mother's wrathful sorrow. Ah ! my child, hadst  
thou been Cain,  
Father of the primal murder, black with every hideous  
thought,  
Cruel were the retribution ; for, alas ! what good is wrought

When the very torture ruins all the fine machine of thought?  
So with reeling brain I questioned, while the fevered cheek  
    grew white,  
And at last I seemed to pass with him, released, to death's  
    dark night.  
Seraph voices whispered round me. "God," they said,  
    "hath set our task,—  
Thou to question, we to answer: fear not; ask what thou  
    wouldst ask."  
Wildly beat my heart. Thought only, regnant, held its  
    sober pace,  
Whilst, a wingèd mind, I wandered in the bleak domain  
    of space.  
Then I sought and seeing marvelled at the mystery of  
    time,  
Where beneath me rolled the earth-star in its first chaotic  
    slime,  
As bewildering ages passing with their cyclic changes came,  
Heaving land and 'whelming waters, ice and fierce volcanic  
    flame,  
Sway and shock of tireless atoms, pulsing with the throb  
    of force,  
Whilst the planet, rent and shaken, fled upon its mighty  
    course.  
Last, with calm of wonder hushed, I saw amid the surging  
    strife  
Rise the first faint stir of being and the tardy morn of  
    life,—  
Life in countless generations. Speechless, mercilessly  
    dumb,  
Swept by ravage of disaster, tribe on tribe in silence come,  
Till the yearning sense found voices, and on hill, and shore,  
    and plain,

Dreary from the battling myriads rose the birthright wail  
of pain.  
God of pity ! Son of sorrows ! Wherefore should a power  
unseen  
Launch on years of needless anguish this great agonized  
machine ?  
Was Himself who willed this torment but a slave to law  
self-made ?  
Or had some mad angel-demon here, unchecked and un-  
dismayed,  
Leave to make of earth a Job ; until the cruel game was  
played  
Free to whirl the spinning earth-toy where his despot forces  
wrought,  
While he watched each sense grow keener as the lifted  
creature bought  
With the love-gift added sorrow, and there came to man's  
estate  
Will, the helpless, thought, the bootless, all the deathward  
war with fate ?  
Had this lord of trampled millions joy or grief, when first  
the mind,  
Awful prize of contests endless, rose its giant foes to bind ;  
When his puppet tamed the forces that had helped its birth  
to breed,  
And with growth of wisdom master, trained them to its  
growing need ;  
Last, upon the monster turning, on the serpent form of  
Pain,  
Cried, " Bring forth no more in anguish " ; with the arrows  
of the brain  
Smote this brute thing that no use had save to teach him to  
refrain

When earth's baser instincts tempted, and the better thought  
was vain ?

Then my soul one harshly answered, "Thou hast seen the  
whole of earth,

All its boundless years of misery, yea, its gladness and its  
mirth,

Yet thou hast a life created. Hadst thou not a choice?  
Why cast

Purity to life's mad chances, where defeat is sure at last?"

Low I moaned, "My tortured baby," and a gentler voice  
replied,

"One alone thy soul can answer,—this, this only, is  
denied.

Yet take counsel of thy sadness. Should God give thy will  
a star

Freighted with eternal pleasure, free from agony and war,  
Wouldst thou wish it? Think! Time is not for the souls  
who roam in space.

Speak! Thy will shall have its way. Be mother of one  
joyous race.

Choose! Yon time-worn world beneath thee thou shalt  
people free from guilt.

There nor pain nor death shall ruin, never there shall blood  
be spilt."

Then I trembled, hesitating, for I saw its beauty born,  
Saw a Christ-like world of beings where no beast by beast  
was torn,

Where the morrows bred no sorrows, and the gentle knew  
not scorn.

"Yet," I said, "if life have meaning, and man must be,  
what shall lift

These but born for joy's inaction, these who crave no added  
gift?

Let the world you bid me people hurl for ever through the  
gloom,  
Tenantless, a blasted record of some huge funereal doom,  
Sad with unremembered slaughter, but a cold and lonely  
tomb."

Deep and deeper grew the stillness, and I knew how vain  
my quest.

Not by God's supremest angel is that awful secret guessed.  
Yet with dull reiteration, like the pendulum's dead throb,  
Beat my heart ; a moaning infant, all my body seemed to  
sob,

And a voice like to my baby's called to me across the night  
As the darkness fell asunder, and I saw a wall of light  
Barred with crucificial shadows, whence a weary wind did  
blow

Shuddering. I felt it pass me heavy with its freight of woe.  
Said a voice, "Behold God's dearest ; also these no answer  
know.

These be they who paid in sorrow for the right to bid thee  
hear.

Had their lives in ease been cradled, had they never known  
a tear,

Feebly had their psalms of warning fallen upon the listening  
ear.

God the sun is God the shadow ; and where pain is, God is  
near.

Take again thy life and use it with a sweetened sense of  
fear ;

God is Father ! God is Mother ! Regent of a growing soul,  
Free art thou to grant mere pleasure, free to teach it un-  
control.



Time is childhood ! larger manhood bides beyond life's sunset hour,  
Where far other foes are waiting ; and with ever gladder power,  
Still the lord of awful choice, O striving creature of the sod,  
Thou shalt learn that imperfection is the noblest gift of God !  
For they mock his ample purpose who but dream, beyond the sky,  
Of a heaven where will may slumber, and the trained decision die  
In the competence of answer found in death's immense reply."  
Then my vision passed, and weeping, lo ! I woke, of death bereft ;  
At my breast the baby brother, yonder there the dead I left.  
For my heart two worlds divided : his, my lost one's ; his, who pressed  
Closer, waking all the mother, as he drew the aching breast,  
While twain spirits, joy and sorrow, hovered o'er my plundered nest.

NEWPORT, *October* 1891.

# FRANÇOIS VILLON<sup>1</sup>

THE COUNT DE LILLE  
THE SEIGNEUR DE LUCE

*Time, circa 1463*

SCENE—*The Garden of an Inn.*

DE LUCE.

OUR good Duke Charles, you tell me, fain would know  
Where bides this other rhymer. Be it so.  
I might have said, I know not : for to lie  
Is easy, natural, and hath brevity  
To win its hearing favour, whilst the truth  
Spins out for ever like a woman's youth,  
And lacks the world for ally. But mere pride  
Would make me honest. Let the duke decide  
'Twixt boor and noble. Ah ! 'twas gay, I think,  
When we were lads together. What ! not drink ?  
Then, by St. Bacchus, here's to you, my lord !  
Men say that luck, a liberal jade, has poured  
Her favours on you : lordships half a score,  
Castles and lands, that vineyard on the Loire ;  
Something too much for one who lightly leaves  
Such wine as this. Alas ! who has, receives.

<sup>1</sup> See note No. 1.

DE LILLE.

Come when you will and share it. I have served  
God and the king. What fortune I've deserved  
The good saints know; through many a year I've  
played  
The games of war and peace. My father's blade  
Has no stain on it. That, it seemeth me,  
Were pleasant to the conscience, when, set free  
From war and council and grown old and gray,  
Fades in monastic peace one's life away.  
These war-filled years gone by since last we met  
Have had their griefs. What of yourself? Forget  
My fates and me. I think the latter wars  
Have missed your helping. As for me, my scars  
Count half these years.

DE LUCE.

Well, as chance willed, I fought  
In Spain, or Italy, or France, and brought  
Some pretty plunder back; have killed my share,  
Dutch, Don, or Switzer, any—everywhere  
That bones were to be broken and the fare  
And game were good; have taken soldier pay  
On this side and on that. In wine or play  
Spent gayly; found life but a merry friend  
That lent, and then forgot the debt. To end,  
Came home. And now my tale. On Easter day  
It lost its hero.

Silence, once 'tis broke,  
Can no man mend. 'Twas thus this fellow spoke  
Of whom I talk. I never owned the thing  
Folks like to label conscience, which the king  
Packs wisely on his chancellor. My device,  
"*Suivez le Roi*," suits well with life. Not nice

Need one to be who Louis, or the rest,  
 Loyally follows,—taking what is best  
 Each good day offers ; yet, sometimes, De Lille,  
 Woman or wine, or one's too ready steel,  
 Lures one a trifle past the line of sport,  
 And then,—you see my point,—a friend at court  
 Perchance is needed. Gossip, hereabout,  
 Which spreads like oil on water, leaves no doubt  
 That I should speak. That wastrel had a way,  
 A trick of speech, as when he said, one day,  
 "The pot of Silence cracked, 'twere best to break."  
 Strange how his words stay with me ! Half awake  
 Last night, I saw him, laughing too, and gay,  
 A grinning ghost, De Lille. What priest could lay  
 A rhyming, jesting fiend ? I have killed men,  
 Ay, and some pretty fellows too, but then  
 None troubled sleep. This dead man, like an owl,  
 Roosts, wide-eyed, on my breast,—a feeble fowl—  
 Mere barnyard fowl at morn,—a carrion ghost.  
 The devil has bad locks to keep his host  
 Of poets, thieves, and tipplers.

DE LILLE.

Think you so ?

No man can tell, De Luce, when some chance blow  
 Shall give him memories none may care to know.  
 Once, when we charged nigh Burgos, sorely pressed,  
 I drove my rapier through a youngster's breast  
 In wild fierce mellay when none think,—and yet  
 I see him,—see him reeling ; never can forget  
 His large eyes' sudden change, that one long cry !  
 'Twas but a moment, and the charge went by.  
 Some unknown woman curses me in sleep,  
 Mother or mistress ; why does memory keep

These nettles, let the roses fall? Well! well!  
What more, De Luce? The tale you have to tell  
Is told a friend!

DE LUCE.                      Three bitter years ago  
A woman, every year more fair, one Isabeau,  
A Demoiselle De Meilleraye, began  
To twist this coil which later cost a man  
A pleasant reckless life, and you my tale.  
Maids I have loved a many, widows frail  
Loved *par amour*, but this one gayly spun  
A pretty net about me. It was done  
Before I fully knew, and once begun,  
No fly more surely netted. Ever still  
The web is on me. At her merry will  
What pranks she played!—and I, a fettered slave,  
Was black or white, was all things, blithe or grave,  
As met her humour. Many a suitor came  
Because her lands were broad, and, too, the game  
Worth any candle. She but laughed. Some flared  
Or sputtered, and went out. My lady shared  
Their woe but little. As for me, I fought  
A good half-dozen lordlings, also caught  
A hurt or two. But then, ah! that was worse,  
A fellow came who wooed my dame in verse,  
And did it neatly,—made her triolets  
Rhyming her great blue eyes to violets;  
Wrote chansons, villanelles, and rondelettes,  
Sonnets and other stuff, and chansonnettes,  
And jesting, rhymed the colour of my nose  
With something,—possibly an o'erblown rose.  
No need to say we fought, but luck went hard:  
I thrust in tierce; he parried, broke my guard,

And then, I slipped,—St. Denis ! but I lay  
 A good six weeks to ponder on the way  
 The rascal did the thing. And he the while  
 Had to himself my lady's gracious smile ;  
 Whereon we played the game again, and time  
 Was that to which my rhymers ceased to rhyme.  
 A pretty trick there is, De Lille, you see  
 I learned in Padua ; this way, on one knee  
 To drop a sudden ; then a thrust in quarte  
 Settles the business. You shall learn the art.  
 'Tis very simple. Ah ! before he died  
 He fumbled at his neck, and vainly tried  
 To snatch at something, till at last I took  
 A locket from him, for his own hand shook,  
 As well might be. He had but only breath  
 To mutter feebly " Isabeau," then death  
 Had him, and I the locket—have it still,  
 And some day she shall have it—in my will,  
 For scourge of memory. This same Isabeau  
 Wept as a woman does, whilst to and fro  
 I wandered, waiting till the mood should go,  
 Then came again and found my lady fair  
 Reading my dead man's chansons. Little care  
 Had she for others. I, a love-fool, spent  
 The summer days like any boy, intent  
 To fit my will to hers. I laugh again  
 To think I vexed my battle-wildered brain  
 In search of rhymes. — You smile, my lord ? 'Tis  
                   so,  
 To find me gallant rhymes to Isabeau.  
 Pardie, De Lille, she rhymed it thrice to—No !  
 Swore none could love who lacked the joyous art  
 To love in song.

Now, really when the heart  
Gives out, and knows no more, one asks the head  
To help that idiot ass. Some one has said,—  
Ah ! that man said it,—said, “’Tis heads that win  
In love’s chuck-penny game.” And I had been  
The heart’s fool quite too long.—

At last, one day,  
Hunting by St. Rileaux, I lost my way,  
And wandering, lit upon a man who lay  
Drowsing, or drunk, or dreaming mid the fern.  
Quite motionless he stayed, as in I turn,  
And say, “Get up there, villain ! Ho ! in there,—  
Get up, and pilot me the way to Claire !”  
On this rose lazily a lean, long man ;  
Yawned, stretched himself,—with eyes as brown as  
tan,  
And somewhat insolent, regarded me ; a nose  
Fine as my lady’s ; red, too, I suppose,  
With sun, or just so much of sun as glows  
Shut up in wine : and thus far not a word.  
Till I, not over gay, or somewhat stirred  
By this brute’s careless fashions, wrathful said,  
“Art dumb, thou dog ?” But he untroubled laid  
His elbow ’gainst a tree trunk, set his hand  
To prop his head, and then,—

“I understand.  
You lost the way to Claire, while I have lost  
The gladdest thought that haply ever crossed  
A poet’s brain. Think what it is, fair sir,  
To feel within your soul a gentle stir,  
To see a vision forming as from mist,  
And just then as your lips have almost kissed  
This thing of heaven, to have a man insist

You show the way to Claire. A man may die  
And still the world go on, but songs that fly  
From laughing lip to lip, and make folk glad,  
Have more than mortal life. 'Tis passing sad.  
You've killed a thing had outlived you and me,  
Bishops and kings, and danced, a voice of glee,  
On lovers' tongues." Loudly I laughed and long.  
"Mad! mad!" I cried; "the whole world's mad in  
song.

Out-memory kings? What noble trade have you  
That rate a king so low? Speak out, or rue  
The hour we met. Your name, your name, man, too,  
Unless you like sore bones." At this he stayed,  
No more disturbed than I, and undismayed  
Said, "François Villon de Montcorbier  
Men call me; but I really cannot say  
I have not other names to suit at need,  
As certain great folks have; and sir, indeed  
As to my trade, I am a spinner, and I spin,  
As please my moods, gay songs of love or sin,  
Sonnets or psalms—could make a verse on you.  
Hast ever heard my 'Ballade des Pendus'?  
I gave the verse a certain swing, you see,  
That humours well the subject; you'll agree  
To read it really shakes one; many a thief  
That verse has set a-praying. To be brief—  
Ah, you'll not hear it?—then, sir, by my sword,—  
But that's in pawn,—or better, by my word,—  
I can't pawn that,—ye saints! if I but could!  
Now just to pay your patience,—leave the wood  
At yonder turning; then the road to Claire  
Lies to the left; but you must be aware  
The day is somewhat warm, and pray you try



To think how very, how unnatural dry  
I am inside of me ; for outwardly,  
Thanks to the dews, I'm damp ; but could I put  
My outside inside,—Ah ! your little 'but'  
Is really quite a philosophic thing  
For lords who lose their way, and men who sing.  
The simple fact is, I am deadly dry—  
And that mere text once out, the sole reply,  
The sermon, lies within your purse." I said,  
"Had you not put a notion in my head,  
I long ago had broken yours. Instead,  
Sell me its use awhile." "If talk be dull,"  
Cried he, "'twixt one who fasts and one who's full,  
St. George ! 'tis duller than the dullest worst  
When one of them is just corpse-dry with thirst.  
Once, by great Noah ! a certain bishop-beast  
Kept me for three long summer months at least  
On bread and water,—water ! Were wine rain,  
I never, never could catch up again."  
Well, to be brief, De Lille, just there and then  
We drove an honest bargain. He, his pen  
Sold for so long as need was,—I, to get  
Three times a week some joyful rondelette,  
Sirventes satiric, competent to fit  
The case of any wooing, versing wit,  
Dizains, rondeaux, and haply pastourelles,  
With any other rhyming devil-spells  
A well-soaked brain might hatch, whilst I agreed  
To house, clothe, wine the man, and feed.  
That day we settled it at Claire. A tun  
Of Burgundy it took before 'twas done.  
And then, to ease him at his task, you know,  
Smiling he queried of this Isabeau :

Her eyes, her lips, her hair ; because, forsooth,  
"The trap of lies were baited best with truth."  
Quoth I, half vexed, "Brown-red, her hair." "I  
know,"

My poet says ; "gold—darkened, like the glow  
The sunset casts, to crown a brow of snow."  
Then I, a love-sick fool !—"She has a way—  
Of"—"Yes, I understand ; as lilies sway  
When south winds flatter, and the month is May,  
And love words has the maiden rose to say."  
Here pausing, suddenly he let his head  
Rest on his hands, and, half in whisper, said,  
"Alack ! Full many a year the daisies grow  
Where rests at peace another Isabeau."  
"The devil take thy memories ! Guard thy tongue !"  
Said I. What chanced was droll, for quick tears,  
wrung

From some low love-past, tumbled in his wine :  
Cried he, "The saints weep through us. Can these  
tears be mine ?

The dead are kings and rule us"—drank the liquor up,  
Laughed outright like a girl, and turned the cup,  
With "Never yet before, since life was young,  
Did I put water in my wine," then flung  
The glass behind him, shouted, "Quick, a bottle !—  
Another ; grief is but a thief to throttle.  
Ho ! let the ancient hangman Time appear  
And tuck it a neat tie beneath the ear.

Many a trade has master Time.  
He sits in corners, and spinneth rhyme.  
He is a partner of master Death,  
Puffs man's candle out with a breath,  
Leaves the wick to sputter and tell

In a sort of odorous epitaph  
How foul the thought of a man may smell  
For the world that lives, and has its laugh.  
Ha ! but Time has many trades !  
Something in me now persuades  
Master Time, grown debonair,  
Hath turned for me a potter rare,  
And made him a vase beyond compare :  
Here below, a rounded waist,  
Fit with roses to be laced ;  
Rising, ripely curved above  
Into flowing lines of love.  
Thinking, too, how sweet 'twould grow,  
Time called the proud vase Isabeau."

"By every saint of rhyme," laughed I, "good fellow,  
If this a man can do when rather mellow"—  
"What shall he do ripe-drunk ?" he cried ; "ere long  
The vine shall live again a flower of song."  
How much he drank that six months who may know ?  
He kept his word. There came a noble flow,—  
Rondels and sonnets, songs, gay fabliaux,  
Tencils, and virelais, and chants royaux,  
That turned at last the head of Isabeau.  
For, by and by, he spun a languid lay  
Set her a weeping for an April day.  
And then a reverdie, I scarcely knew  
Just what it meant ; by times the damsel grew  
Pensive and tender, till at last she said,—  
You see the bait was very nicely spread,—  
"How chances it, fair sir, this gift of song  
Lay thus unused ? You did yourself a wrong :  
But now I love you,—love as one well may  
A heart that hides its treasures, yet can say

At last their sweetness out. This simple lay!—  
How could you know my thoughts?"

On this in haste

I cast an arm around her little waist,  
And kissed her lips, and murmured tenderly  
Some pretty lines my poet made for me  
And this occasion's chance.

So there, the dame  
Well wooed and married, ends this pleasant game.

DE LILLE.

I knew your poet once,—of knaves the chief,  
A gallows-mocking brawler, guzzler, thief,—  
This orphan of the devil won with song  
Our good Duke Charles, who thinks of no man  
wrong  
And least of all a poet. Once or twice  
Duke Charles has saved his neck. One can't be  
nice  
With poet friends, nor leave them in the lurch  
Because they stab a man, or rob a church.  
Also, that hog-priest-doctor, Rabelais,  
Kept him a while, then bade the vagrant go  
For half a nightingale and half a crow.  
So there he slips from sight. Then comes a tale  
That stirs our rhyming Duke. I must not fail  
To know the sequel.

DE LUCE.

Months went by. My man

I had no need for; soon my dame began  
To droop and wilt, and, too, I knew not why,  
To watch me sidewise with attentive eye,  
Or stay for silent hours cloaked with thought,

Laughing or weeping readily at naught.  
What changes women? A wife is just a wife.  
The thing tormented me, for now her life  
Faced from me ever, and, her head bent low,  
She lived with some worn sonnet or rondeau  
Had served its purpose. Vexed at last, I took  
The wretched stuff, the whole of it, and shook  
The fragments to the winds. Now, by St. George!  
The thing stuck ever bitter in my gorge,  
That such a peasant-slave's mere words should be  
The one strong bond that held this love to me,  
That was my life, and is. Alas! in vain  
I played the lover over, till in pain  
Because she pined, poor fool, I sought again  
My butt of verse and wine, and gayly said,  
"Here, fellow, there's for drink! Set me your head  
To verse me something honest, that shall speak  
A strong man's love, and to my lady's cheek  
Fetch back its rose again." But as for him,  
This hound, he studied me with red eyes, dim  
And dulled with wine, and lightly laughing cried,  
"Not I, my lord. Not ever, if I tried  
The longest day of June. Your falcon caught,  
Be sure no jesses by another wrought  
Will hold a captive"; and with rambling talk  
Put me aside, sang, hummed, took up the chalk  
The landlord wont to score his drinks withal,  
A moment paused, and scribbled on the wall,  
    "If God love to a sexton gave,  
    Surely he would dig it a grave;  
    If God fitted an ass with wings,  
    What would he do with the pretty things?"  
I cursed him for a useless sot, but he,

Leering and heedless, scrawled unsteadily  
Just "Wallow, wallow, wallow; this from me  
To all wise pigs that on this mad earth be";  
Wrote "François Villon" underneath, and there,  
Smitten with drink, dropped on the nearest chair  
And slept as sleep the dead. I in despair  
Went on my way.

But she, my gentle dame,  
Grew slowly feebler, like an oilless flame,  
Until this cursed thing happened. On a day  
I chanced upon her singing, joyous, gay;  
Glad leapt my hopes. I kissed her, saw her start,  
Grow sudden pale, a quick hand on her heart.—  
'Fore God, I love her dearly, but I tore  
A paper from her bosom, yet forbore  
One darkened moment's time to read it, then  
Saw the wild love verse, knew what drunken pen  
Had dared.—

Fierce-eyed she stayed a little space,  
Then struck me red with words, as if my face  
A man had struck, said, "What can be more base  
Than bribe a peasant soul to win with thought  
Above your thinking what you vainly sought?  
I love you? No—I loved the man who knew  
To tell the gladness of his love through you;  
A thief, no doubt; and pray what was he who  
Thus stole my love? You lied! and he, a sot!  
A sot, you say, could rise above his pot,—  
You never! Love me! Could one like you know  
In love's sweet climate truth and honour grow?"  
But I, seeing my folly clear, said, "Isabeau,  
What matters it if I but used the flow  
Of this man's fantasies to word the praise

I would have said a hundred eager ways  
And moved you never? Is it rare one pays  
A man to sing?"

"Henceforth, my lord," said she,  
"We talk tongues strange to each, but ever he  
Talked that my heart knows best. Your wife am I,  
That's past earth's mending; what is left but try  
To weary on to death? What else?" I turned,  
Cried, "But I loved you well! This boor has  
earned  
A traitor's fate."

"And you," she moaned; nor more,  
Save, "Let *all* traitors die," and on the floor  
Fell in a heap.

Thenceforward half distraught  
I sought my poet thief, but never caught  
The cunning fiend, till as it chanced one night,  
My horse fallen lame, I, walking, saw the light  
Still in her window. There below it stood  
A man where fell the moonlight all aflood,  
And suddenly a hand of mastery swept  
The zittern, and—a whining love song leapt,  
Ah! but too well knew I the song he sang;  
I smiled to think it was his last. It rang  
Mad chimes within my head. "Now then," I cried,  
"A dog-life for a love-life!" Quick aside  
My poet cast his zittern, drew his sword,  
Tried as he stood his footing on the sward,  
And laughed. He ever laughed, and laughing said,  
"Before we two cut throats, and one is dead,  
And talk gets quite one-sided, let me speak,  
Perchance it may be this rat's final squeak;  
Even a cat grants that, my lord, you know.

Speak certain words I must of this dame Isabeau.  
And if you will not, this have I to say,  
These legs of mine have oft-times won the day,  
And may again if I have not my way.  
My thanks. You're very good, and now,—what if  
Full twenty dozen times a week a whiff  
Of some sweet rose is given just to smell,  
The rose unseen,—you catch my meaning?—Well,  
One haply gets rose-hungry, and ere long  
Desires the rose. You think I did you wrong  
Who bade me see her as one sees in song,  
Her neck, her face, the sun-gloss of her hair,  
Eyes such as poets dream, the love-curves fair ;  
These have you seen ; but as for me, they were,  
Unseen of sense, more lovely.

Mark, my lord,  
How sweet to-night the lilies. Pray afford  
A moment yet to my life out of yours. Believe  
A thing so strange you may not, nor conceive :  
This woman, on the beauty of whose face  
I never looked, nor shall,—whose virgin grace  
I sold to you,—is mine while time endures.  
Yea, for thy malady earth has no cures ;  
A brute, a thief am I that caged this love.  
A sodden poet ! Some one from above  
Looks on us both to-night ; you nobly born,  
I in the sties of life. I do repent  
In that I wronged this lady innocent.  
But if you live or I, where'er she bide,  
One François Villon walketh at her side.  
Kiss her ! Your kiss ? It will be I who kiss.  
Yea, every dream of love your life shall miss  
I shall be dreaming ever !



Well, the cat,  
Patient or not, has waited. As for that,  
Be comforted. Hell never lacks reward  
For them that serve it. Thanks.—On guard. On  
guard.”

No word said I. Long had I listened, dazed.  
Now scorn broke out in hatred ; crazed,  
Fiercely I lunged. He, laughing, scarce so rash,  
Parried and touched my arm. The rapier clash  
Went wild a minute ; then a woman's cry  
Broke from the hedge behind him, and near by  
Some moonlit whiteness gleamed. He turned, and I,  
By heaven ! 'twas none too soon, I drove my sword  
Clean through the peasant dog from point to guard,  
And held her as I watched him. Better men  
A many have I killed, but this man !—Then  
He staggered, reeling, clutched at empty air  
And at his breast, and pitching here and there,  
Fell, shuddered, and was dead.

By Mary's grace,  
The woman kneeling kissed the dead dog's face !

Take you the Duke my tale. The woman lives.  
The man is dead. None knows but she. What  
gives  
Such needless haste to go ? 'Tis not yet late.  
Think you the story of this peasant's fate  
Will vex Duke Charles ? How looks the thing to  
you ?  
No comment ? None ?

DE LILLE.

None I could well afford  
To speak. The Duke must judge, not I.

DE LUCE. My lord,  
Your fashions like me not, and plainly, mine  
Are somewhat franker.

DE LILLE. I must ride. The wine?

DE LUCE.  
I pay for that. The man who drinks must pay.  
"The wine of friendship lasteth but a day,"  
So said that pot-house Solomon. I suppose  
'Tis easily thinned with time. As this world goes,  
A sorry vintage.

1890.

FRANCIS DRAKE<sup>1</sup>  
A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA

TIME 1578

At sea, off the coast of Patagonia, on board the  
*Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Plymouth*.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

FRANCIS DRAKE.

THOMAS DOUGHTY, his friend.

FRANCIS FLETCHER, Chaplain.

JOHN WINTER

LEONARD VICARY

WILLIAM CHESTER

} Captains.

GENTLEMEN-VENTURERS.

SEAMEN.

<sup>1</sup> See note No. 2.

## FRANCIS DRAKE

*Deck of the Elizabeth. Fleet in the offing.*

JOHN WINTER. THOMAS DOUGHTY.

DOUGHTY (*coming aboard*). Good-morrow, Winter. Still  
the winds are foul.

I would they blew from merry England shores.

WINTER. I would they had not blown you to my ship.  
None are more welcome elsewhere. Strict commands  
Forbid this visiting from ship to ship.

DOUGHTY. These orders are most wise,—I doubt not  
that ;

Yet must I learn that any here afloat  
Is master of the gentlemen who venture  
Their ducats and their lives. Let him make laws  
To rule rough sailors ; they are not for us.

WINTER. Yet one must be the master. Ill it were  
If, drifting masterless, this little realm  
Of tossing ships obeyed not one sure helm.  
I shall but serve you if I bid you go.

DOUGHTY. The *Pelican* is twice a league away.  
Tis time the several captains of the fleet  
Should learn how little mind the seamen have,  
Ay, and the gentlemen, to hold our course.

Now, were we all of us of one firm mind,  
This cheating voyage should end, and that full soon.  
This in your ear. Did I dare speak of Burleigh—

[WINTER recoils.]

WINTER. Have you a mind to lose us both our heads?  
I would not ill report you, but your words  
Sail near to treason, both to Queen and Friend.

DOUGHTY. I pray you but this once be patient with me.  
My actions shall not lack support in England.  
If I might dare say all, you best of any  
Would know the admiral has no better friend.  
The ships decay; the sailors mutiny;  
Before us lies a waste of unknown seas;  
Methinks authority doth beget in men  
A certain madness. Think you if we chance  
To ruin peaceful towns and scuttle ships,  
And rouse these Spanish hornets on their coasts,  
Think you the dearest counsellor of the Queen—  
I may not name him—will be better pleased  
With him that hurts or him that helps this voyage?

WINTER. I think your enterprise more perilous  
Than half a hundred voyages, good friend—  
I pray you risk not losing of the name,  
For you are greatly changed from him I knew  
This some time past of gentle disposition;  
In danger tranquil; gay, and yet discreet:  
Learned in the law, a scholar and a soldier.

DOUGHTY. An old-time nursery trick; comfits before,  
And after comes the dose; then sweets again.

WINTER. Be not so hasty; hear me to the end,  
And be my careful friendship early pardoned.  
I have heard you say of late you lack advancement.  
There is advancement no man need to lack

Who makes his Duty like a mother's knees,  
Where all his prayers are said. This man you were.  
What other man is this I hardly know :  
One that of all his natural endowments  
Makes but base use to stir the meaner sort,  
To darken counsel with a mist of words,  
To scatter falsehood, and to sow distrust ;  
And all as lightly as a housewife flings  
The morning grain amidst her cackling crew.

DOUGHTY. You have done well to ask my pardon first.

WINTER. Nay. I do hold the bond of friendship  
strong ;

And he who wills to keep his friends must know  
To stomach that they lack. I would indeed  
You had not spoken as you have to-day.

DOUGHTY. What matters it? My words are safe with  
you.

WINTER. Safe as my countenance will let them be ;  
Safe till the admiral asks, and, like a boy,  
I stand a-twiddling of uneasy thumbs,  
On this foot, now, or that, red in the face.  
By Heaven ! what fetched you on this hated voyage?

DOUGHTY. A trick. A fetch indeed !

WINTER. Nay, that's not so.

Trick or no trick, this is not English earth,  
Nor Drake the man who on the Devon greens  
Sat half the night a-talking poesy.  
I have seen many men in angry moods,  
But this man's wrath is as the wrath of God,  
Instant and terrible. Pray you, be warned,  
And if your soul be capable of fear—

DOUGHTY. Fear !

WINTER. Ay, a healthful virtue in its place.

Had I been but the half as rash as you,  
My very sword would tremble in its sheath.

DOUGHTY. And yet I have no nearer friend than he.

WINTER. You judge men by their love, as maidens do.

DOUGHTY. And not an ill way, either, as earth goes.  
The admiral in his less distracted times  
Hath some rare flavour of the woman in him.

WINTER. Oh, that's the half of him : no lady wronged,  
No pillaged church, no hurt of unarmed man,  
Will stain his record at the great account.  
Have then a care. The gentle, just, and brave  
Are ill to anger.

DOUGHTY. What I say to you  
I not less readily shall say to him,  
Trusting the friendly equity of his love.

WINTER. A certain devil lurks in every angel,  
Else had there never been a strife in heaven.  
Now on my soul I wonder at the man.  
Thrice has he warned you as a brother might,  
And once removed you from a high command.  
'Tis very strange to me how men may differ.  
No doubts have I ; along these savage coasts  
Magellan sailed. Are we not English born ?

DOUGHTY. I neither have forgotten nor forget.  
Thanks for your patience. There is more to say  
That might be said.

WINTER. I would it had been less.  
I think it well no other hears your words.

DOUGHTY. Oh, fear not I shall rashly squander speech.

WINTER. Spend not your thoughts at all. Be miserly.  
These wooden walls have echoes ; to and fro  
Some wild word wanders, till, on each return,  
We less and less our own mind's children know,

All gold they say is of the devil's mint ;  
But words are very devils of themselves.  
I do commend you to a fast of speech.

DOUGHTY. It might be wise—but you'll not talk of this.

WINTER. Nay, that I will not. It is you will speak.  
A restless tongue is ever no man's friend.  
Come, let us shift the talk. 'Tis perilous.

[WINTER, *as he speaks, walks to the rail.*

How huge and bloody red the moon to-night !  
This utter quiet of the brooding sea  
I like not over well ; nor yon red moon.  
So, there's a breeze again, and now 'tis still.  
We shall have storms to-morrow.

DOUGHTY. Reason good  
Before our ships are scattered far and wide,  
That I should speak what others dare not speak.

WINTER. Nor I dare hear. My mother used to say  
That silence was a very Christian virtue.  
When I talk folly, be the Moon my friend ;  
There are no eavesdroppers among the stars.

DOUGHTY. Her sex they say be leaky counsellors ;  
And, too, she shares thy secrets with a man,  
Red i' the visage now. Here's three to keep  
Thy pleasant indiscretions.

WINTER. Happy moon !  
That ere a day is dead shall England see.  
Ah, gentle dame, shine on our island homes ;  
Kiss for my sake a face as fair as thine ;  
Go, tell our love to every maiden flower  
That droops tear-laden in our Devon woods.

DOUGHTY. I dreamed last night that never more again  
Should I see England.

WINTER. That's as God may will.



I dare not think on England. Why should you?  
What ails you now that you should look behind  
When honour cries come on?

DOUGHTY. To be a child!  
Is that your largest wisdom?

WINTER. Yes, well said!  
Child, woman, man—the nobler life hath need  
That man be all of these.

DOUGHTY (*is silent a moment*). I would that I  
Were always near you, Winter. Drake has power  
To tempt resistance as no other can.  
With you, dear friend, my soul abides in peace.

WINTER. Seek you such peace as comes to those alone  
Who have for friend the duty of the hour.

DOUGHTY. Enough of preaching.

WINTER. Well, so be it then;  
But guard that restless tongue. When night is come,  
And all these mighty spaces overhead  
And all this vast of sea lie motionless,  
God seems so near to me, ill deeds so far,  
That all my soul in gentled wonder rests.

[*They are silent a time.*]

DOUGHTY. Mark how the southward splendour of the  
cross  
Shines peace upon us. When the nights are calm,  
I joy to climb the topmast's utmost peak,  
And, hanging breathless in the unpeopled void,  
Note how the still deep answers star for star.

WINTER. See, the wind freshens. Get you to your ship.  
Come not again. This seeming quiet sea  
Is not more dangerous than a man we know.

DOUGHTY. 'Tis not the danger checks me; yet be sure  
I shall not spare to think upon your words.

You have my thanks. Good night, and merry dreams.  
See that you keep my counsel.

WINTER.

Said I not

'Twas safe with me ?

DOUGHTY (*goes over the rail to his boat*). Good night,  
and better winds.

WINTER.

Good night to you.

The devil take the man.

*Cabin of Pelican.*

DRAKE. VICARY. WINTER.

WINTER. It sorts not with my honour that I speak.

DRAKE. Enough to know John Winter will not speak ;  
A cruel verdict is the just man's silence.  
I have been patient, but the end has come.  
What breeds these discontents ? I know the man.  
Were he twin brother of my mother's womb  
He should not live to mar my Prince's venture.  
(*To VICARY.*) Are you struck silent, like my good John  
Winter ?

What substance is there in this mutinous talk ?

VICARY. Too little substance, not enough to eat ;  
A prating parson, and some empty bellies.  
A very mutinous thing's an empty paunch.

DRAKE. Now here's a man has never a plain answer.  
Out with it in good English.

VICARY.

As you will,

I pray you pardon me my way of speech ;  
I cannot help it. I was born a-grinning,  
Or so my mother said. If death's a jest,  
I doubt not I shall never die in earnest.

DRAKE. Now on my soul this passes all endurance ;  
Grin, if it please you, but at least speak out.

VICARY. I never had as little mind to speak.

DRAKE. I have heard you jesting with a Spanish Don  
When sore beset and well nigh spent with wounds.  
I think some counsel lies behind your mirth.

VICARY. Were I the admiral I would preach a sermon.

DRAKE. A sermon !

VICARY. Ay ! and that a yardarm long,  
And to conclude, a parson and a rope.  
Also good rum's a very Christian diet,  
And vastly does console a shrunken belly.

DRAKE (*smiling*). Well, my gay jester, is there more to say ?

VICARY. I sometimes think we carry on our ships  
Too large a freight of time.

DRAKE. Talk plain again.  
It takes three questions to beget an answer.

VICARY. Now, as the world runs, that's unnatural many.

DRAKE. I think you will not speak.

VICARY. No, I'm run dry.  
I am as barren as a widowed hen.

DRAKE (*laughing*). Out with you. Go !

VICARY (*aside*). And none more glad to go.

[*Exit VICARY.*]

DRAKE. One that must needs be taken in his humour.

WINTER. 'Tis a strange disposition that hath mirth  
For what breeds tears in others.

DRAKE. No, not strange.  
But I've no jesting in my heart to-day.  
The straits lie yonder, dark and perilous ;  
The Spaniards' villainies sit heavy here.

[*Strikes his breast.*]

Their racks are red with honest English blood ;

The dead call, "Come." Ah, Winter, by my soul,  
When Panama is ours, when their galleons lie  
Distressful wrecks, and England's banner flies  
Unquestioned on the far Pacific sea,  
Then—

WINTER. Is it so? Runs your commission thus?

DRAKE. Once past the straits, and all shall know my  
errand.

Here is the warrant of Her Majesty,  
And here the sword she bade me call her own.

WINTER. Did Doughty know of this?

DRAKE. Ay, from the first.

WINTER. A double treason.

DRAKE. Counsel me, John Winter.

The sailors murmur, and the gentlemen  
Sow quarrels and dissension through the fleet.  
My dearest friend betrays my dearest trust.  
What means this gay boy's chatter about time?

WINTER. A riddle easily read, if you but think  
What use the devil has for idle hours.

DRAKE. I have long meant to make an end of that.  
Go tell these lazy gentles Francis Drake  
Bids them to haul and pull as sailors do ;  
Ay, let them reef and lay out on the yards.  
I'll bid 'gainst Satan for their idleness.  
Belike they may not care to go aloft ;  
Then, on my word, I've bilboes down alow.

WINTER. Thou wouldst not set a gentle i' the stocks?

DRAKE. Gentle or simple, let them try me not.  
'Tis said a gibbet stands on yonder shore :  
There brave Magellan hanged a mutinous Don.  
Let them look to it. See I be obeyed.  
None shall be favoured. Fetch me now aboard

This traitor Doughty, and no words with him.

WINTER. Ay, ay, sir.

DRAKE. Go. Let there be no delay.

*WINTER in his boat beside the Plymouth.*

DOUGHTY (*descending*). What means this summons?

WINTER. Hush! I may not speak.  
Give way there, men. (*To Doughty.*) Have you your  
tablets with you?

[*Takes them and writes:*

"Take care. Be warned. The devil is broke loose."

DOUGHTY. Why am I bidden?

WINTER. Way—give way there, men!

DOUGHTY. Will you not answer me?

WINTER. Not I, indeed.  
Way there, enough! Ho, there, aboard!

[*DOUGHTY goes aboard the Pelican.*

DOUGHTY. Good day.

*Deck of Pelican.*

DOUGHTY. FLETCHER.

FLETCHER. I think there is some mischief in the air.  
'Tis said the admiral has sent for you.

DOUGHTY. I'm haled aboard with no more courtesy  
Than any meanest ruffian of the crew.  
Were I in England he should answer me.

FLETCHER. This is not England.

DOUGHTY. Oh, by heaven! no!  
(*Aside.*) Time must be won. I've been a loitering fool.  
(*Aloud.*) I would that I could clear my mind to you.

FLETCHER. Why not to me? What other is so fit?  
Is not confession like an act of nature?

DOUGHTY. I am like a wine thick with confusing lees.  
To-day they settle, and to-morrow morn  
Another shakes me, and I'm thick again.

[FLETCHER *watches him.* *Both are silent for a moment.*  
Thou art both man and priest.

FLETCHER. Add friend to both.

DOUGHTY. You said, most reverend sir, both man and  
priest.  
Had you been more of man, yet all of priest,  
Confession had been easier.

FLETCHER. More of man!  
Grant you I lack the courage of the sea,  
Think you it takes none to be now your friend?  
I have the will, ay, and the resolution,  
To help you when I think you most need help.  
I guess the half your lips delay to tell.

DOUGHTY (*looking about him*). Enough. Time passes,  
and you should know all.  
My Lord of Burleigh much mis-likes this voyage.  
Who helps to ruin it will no loser be.  
Had I but known this ere my florins went  
To help a foolish venture!

FLETCHER. But the Queen—

DOUGHTY. Hath ever had two minds, as is her way.  
(*Points north.*) Now there advancement lies. (*Points  
south.*) And that way death.

FLETCHER. Art in the service of my Lord of Burleigh?  
Not more than thou am I this admiral's man.

DOUGHTY. And I am no man's man; I am the Queen's.  
I shall best serve my God in serving her.  
Shall it be Prince or friend? I may not both.

FLETCHER. Is he thy friend?

DOUGHTY. Of late I doubt it much.  
Now hath he closer counsellors than I.

FLETCHER. He loves thee not. This ill-advised voyage  
Goes to disaster in these unknown seas  
Where some foul devil led the sons of Rome.  
'Tis said that demons lit them down the coast.  
This nine and fifty years no Christian sail  
Has gone this deathful way. The admiral  
Knows not the sullen temper of the fleet.  
(*Looks at DOUGHTY steadily*). There should be one—a  
friend—to bid him turn

And set our prows toward England. Think on that.

DOUGHTY. But who shall bell the cat? What mouse  
among us?

FLETCHER. If but we English mice were of one mind!

DOUGHTY. Soon shall we be so. You have unawares  
Made firm my purpose. 'Tis not in thy kind  
To court such peril as our talk may bring.  
The more for this have you my thanks. Enough.  
The counsel given me—

FLETCHER (*alarmed*). I gave you none.

DOUGHTY. Oh, rest you easy. It is safe with me.  
As you are priest, so I am gentleman;  
Now in the end it comes to much the same.

*Enter CHESTER.*

CHESTER (*to DOUGHTY*). The admiral would see you  
instantly. [*Exit.*]

*Cabin of Pelican.*

DRAKE. I would this man had been less dear to me;  
Another I had long since crushed. The rat

Which gnaws the planks between our lives and death  
I had as lightly dealt with. For love's sake  
And all the honest past that has been ours  
Once shall I speak. Once more : [*A knock.*  
Ho, there. Come in.

*Enter CHESTER and DOUGHTY.*

CHESTER. The land lies low to westward, and the  
wind  
Blows fair and steady. [*DRAKE looks at the chart.*

DRAKE. Ay, St. Julian's isle.

[*Exit CHESTER.*

(*To DOUGHTY*). Pray you be seated.

DOUGHTY.

I am ordered hither.

'Twere fit I stand.

DRAKE. Yes, I am admiral ;  
But there are moments in the lives of men  
When the stern conscience of a too great office  
Appals the kindlier heart that fain would be  
Where indecisions breed less consequence.

I said, be seated. [*DOUGHTY obeys.*

Are you not my friend ?  
Forget these rolling seas, the time, the place,  
This mighty errand which my Prince has sped.  
Think me to-day but simple Francis Drake,  
And be yourself the brother of my heart.

DOUGHTY. There spoke the old Frank Drake I seemed  
to lose.

DRAKE. Let us try back. We are like ill-broken dogs.  
Our lives have lost the scent.

DOUGHTY. Nay, think not so.

DRAKE. Ah, once I had a friend, a scholar wise,



A soldier, and a poet ; dowered, I think,  
With all the gentle gifts that win men's hearts.  
Of late he seems another than himself ;  
Of late he is most changed, and him I knew  
Is here no more. Ah, but I too am double,  
And one of me is still thy nearest friend,  
And one, ah, one is admiral of the fleet.  
Let him that loves you whisper to your soul  
The thing he would not say. You understand.  
Ah, now you smile. A pretty turn of phrase  
Did ever capture you. 'Twas always thus.  
We have seen death so often, eye to eye,  
That fear of death were idle argument ;  
Yet in such words of yours as men report  
A deathful sentence lurks. Oh, cast away  
These mad temptations, won I know not whence.  
Last night I fell to thinking, ere I slept,  
Of those proud histories of older days  
You loved to tell amid the tents in Ireland.  
Trust me, no one of these that shall not fade  
Before the wonder of this English tale  
Of what El Draco and his captains did.  
And when, at twilight, by our Devon hearths  
Some old man tells the story, shall he pause,  
And say, But one there was, of England born,  
That sowed the way with perils not of God,  
Breeding dissension, casting on his name  
Dishonour—

DOUGHTY (*leaping up*). Now, by heaven ! no man shall  
say—

DRAKE (*smiling and quiet, puts a hand on each shoulder of*  
DOUGHTY). Hush ! you will waken up that other  
man.

Read not my meaning wrong. I am sore beset.  
 Before me lie dark days. The timid shrink ;  
 The gentlemen, who should have been my stay,  
 Fall from me useless. Yet, come what come may,  
 For England's glory and my lady's grace,  
 I go my way. Well did he speak who said,  
 "Heaven is as near by water as by land."  
 And therefore, whether it be death or fame  
 That waits in yonder seas, I go my way.  
 Yet, if I lose you on this venturous road,  
 Half the proud joy of victory were gone.  
 I have been long ; you, patient. Rest we here.

DOUGHTY. Yes, I am more than one man ; more's the  
 pity,  
 If I have sinned, forgive me, and good-night.

DRAKE. Thou shalt stay with me on the *Pelican*.

DOUGHTY (*aside*). So, so. A child in ward ! (*Aloud.*)  
 Again, good night. [*Exit.*]

*Enter VICARY.*

VICARY. The water shoals. A land lies west by  
 south.

There seems good anchorage in the island's lee.

DRAKE. We shall find water here, good fruit and fish.  
 Send in a boat for soundings. Signal all  
 To anchor where seems best ; and Vicary,  
 Set thy gay humour to some thoughtful care  
 Of him that left just now. I hold him dear.

VICARY. I would to heaven he were safe in England.

DRAKE. And I, and I. He is more like a child  
 Than any man my life's experience knows.  
 Yet he is dangerous to himself and us ;

Too fond of speech ; too cunning with the tongue ;  
That tempts to mischief like a sharpened blade.

VICARY. Ah, words ! words ! words ! Ye children of the fiend,  
On all your generated repetitions  
Is visited your parents' wickedness.  
He keeps boon company with each man's humour,  
Is gay with me, is chivalrous with you,  
At Winter's side a grave philosopher.  
I shall set merry sentinels for his guards,  
And there my wisdom ends.

DRAKE.

My thanks. No more.

[*Exit* VICARY.]

*Deck of Pelican. Ships at anchor near the north end of the island of St. Julian.*

DOUGHTY. WINTER. SEAMEN.

WINTER. These are my orders.

DOUGHTY. I may not to shore ;  
And for the reason ? Drake shall give it me.

[*Turns to the men.*

I hear there is no water on these shores

1ST SAILOR. That in the casks is but mere mud of vile-  
ness ; rot in the mouth, and stench in the nose.

2ND SAILOR. And for the biscuits, they are mouldy green,  
and inhabited like an owl's nest with all manner of live things.

3RD SAILOR. It will be worse in the lower seas. There  
the men are eleven cubits tall.

2ND SAILOR. Nay, feet, and that's enough.

4TH SAILOR. Where scurvy Dons have gone, good  
English may.

DOUGHTY. We gentles are no better off than you.  
Here is an order we shall pull and haul,  
And lay aloft. What! Lack ye meat to-day?  
Here are grubs to spare. These cavernd biscuits hold  
Small beeves in plenty. Here's more life, I think,  
Than we are like to find on yonder coast.

1ST SAILOR. A Portugee did tell me once there was no  
day in the straits where we must sail, and all the sea be full  
of venomd snakes.

DOUGHTY. Nay. That's a foolish fable. True it is that  
in the straits are mighty isles of ice, with sail and mast.  
They beat about like luggers on a wind, and never man to  
handle rope or sail.

FLETCHER. The boats are come again, and no water,  
none! Alas, this miserable voyage!

*Enter VICARY from boat.*

VICARY. Not so, good chaplain. Underneath a cliff I  
found a spring as sweet as England's best.  
Good store of shellfish, too, and these strange fruits.  
(To DOUGHTY). You're but an old wife at these fireside  
tales. Lord, lads! there's wonders yonder. It is twice as  
good as a fair in May. There's a merry-go-round that's  
called a whirlpool. Round you go, a hundred years, ship  
and all, not a farthing to pay, and then home to bed, with  
addled pates, as good as drunk, and no man the poorer.

*[The men laugh.]*

1ST SAILOR (*aside*). He do lie to beat a rusty weather-  
cock.

2ND SAILOR. But men do say there's hell-traps set along  
the rocks, and all the waters boil like witches' pots.

VICARY (*laughs*). The tale is gone awry. When last I

sailed this way, no fire would burn, and all the little fiends were harvesting of mighty icicles to keep the daddy devils from frosted toes.

1ST SAILOR (*aside*). He be a lively liar. He be a very flea among liars. [*All laugh.*]

VICARY. The seas be rum, and all the whales mad drunk. [*Laughter.*]

I thought my laughter trap was baited well.

4TH SAILOR (*aside*). He don't starve his lies. A very pretty liar. His lies be fat as ever a Christmas hog.

VICARY. Tom Doughty, I'll match lies with you, my lad,

The longest day of June. A song, a song!

SAILORS. A song, a song! The captain for a song!

VICARY. Here's for a song. The admiral bids say  
Your rum is doubled for a week to come.  
So here we go. Be hearty with the burden.

#### SONG.

Queen Bess has three bad boys  
Such naughty boys!  
They sailed away to Cadiz Bay  
To make a mighty noise.  
Heave her round!  
Heave her round!  
Such bad boys!  
Yo ho!

There's wicked Master Drake,  
As likes to play with guns;  
He sailed away to Cadiz Bay  
To wake the sleepy Dons.  
Heave her round! etc.

These be three captains small,  
None taller than a splinter.  
One does admire to play with fire,  
That's little Jacky Winter.  
Heave her round ! etc.

There's one does love to fight,  
It might be Billy Chester.  
And they're away to Cadiz Bay  
Before a stiff sou'-wester.  
Heave her round ! etc.

VICARY. Well tuned, my lads. Now who of you's for shore ?

DOUGHTY (*aside to a mate*). There'll be no songs down yonder.

WINTER (*leaning over him*). What, again ?  
More mischief, ever more ? Dark is the sea  
Where you will sail. What fiend possesses you ?  
This in your ear. The priest is no man's friend.  
If I do know the malady of baseness,  
There's one that needs a doctor.

DOUGHTY. You are wrong.  
I have no better friend, none more assured.

WINTER. Indeed, I think you are too rich in friends.  
Better you had a hundred eager foes  
Than this man's friendly company. One step more,  
One slight excess of speech, some word retold—  
And thou art lost to life.

DOUGHTY. He dare not do it !

WINTER. Dare not ! I think it oft doth chance a man  
Knows not his nearest friend as others do.  
As for thy priest—I greatly fear a coward,

The day will come when honest Francis Drake  
 Will shake all secrets from him as a dog  
 Shakes out a rat's mean life. Beware the day!  
 Well do I know the admiral's silent mood;  
 Then should men fear him, and none more than you,  
 Because he dreads the counsel of his heart.

[*Exeunt both.*]

*Deck of the Pelican. Evening, a week later. The fleet at anchor near the south end of the island of St. Julian. Sailors at the capstan.*

WINTER. Now, then, to warp her in. Round with the capstan.

Sailors and gentlemen, bear all a hand!

DOUGHTY. Not I, by heaven! Not I! My father's son  
 Stains not his sword-hand with this peasant toil.

GENTLEMEN. Nor I! nor I! nay, never one of us.

WINTER. Do as I bid you!

DOUGHTY. Not a hand of mine  
 Shall to this sailor work.

WINTER. That shall we see.

[*Walks to the cabin. Boatswain whistles.  
 Men man the capstan, singing:*]

Yo ho! Heave ho!  
 Oh, it's ingots and doubloons,  
 Oh, it's diamonds big as moons,  
     As we sail,  
     As we sail.  
 Yo ho! Heave ho!

Oh, it's rusty, crusty Dons,  
And it's rubies big as suns,  
As we sail, etc.

Oh, it's pieces by the scores,  
And it's jolly red moidores,  
As we sail, etc.

Oh, we'll singe King Philip's beard,  
And no man here afeard,  
As we sail, etc.

*Enter VICARY.*

VICARY. Well sung. Well hauled, my lads. (*To DOUGHTY.*) A word with you.  
You will attend the admiral in his cabin.  
(*Aside to DOUGHTY.*) Ware cat, good mouse! The claws  
are out to-night!  
DOUGHTY. 'Twere better soon than later. After you.  
[*Exit.*]

*Cabin of Pelican.*

DRAKE. WINTER.

*Enter VICARY, followed by DOUGHTY.*

DRAKE. Pray you be seated. (*To DOUGHTY.*) Nay,  
not you, not you.  
(*To WINTER.*) Arrest this gentleman.  
WINTER. Your sword, an't please you.  
[*Receives it.*]



DRAKE. I charge you here with treason to the Queen.  
You shall to trial with no long delay.

DOUGHTY. What court is this with which you threaten  
me?

DRAKE. Now, by St. George, your lawyer tricks and  
quibbles

Shall help you little. I am Francis Drake,  
The Queen's plain sailor, and the master here.

DOUGHTY. Master!

DRAKE. Ay, master! Traitor to the Queen,  
This long account is closed. All, all is known,  
Since when, at Plymouth, on the eve we sailed,  
My Lord of Burleigh bought you; what the price  
The devil knows—and you.

DOUGHTY. My Lord of Burleigh!  
I pray you speak of this with me alone.  
What I would say is for a secret ear.

DRAKE. No, by my sword, not I!

DOUGHTY. Then have thy way  
No law can touch me here. This is not England.

DRAKE. Where sails a plank in English forests hewn,  
There England is. This deck is England now,  
And I a sea-king of this much of England.  
Put me this man in irons! See to it!  
Let him have speech of none except yourselves.

[*Exeunt* WINTER and DOUGHTY.]

(*To* VICARY.) I have too long delayed.

VICARY. That may well be.

DRAKE. I hear he hath great favour with the crews,  
A maker of more mischief than I guessed.

VICARY. Men love him well.

DRAKE. He hath too many friends.  
This is the very harlotry of friendship.

Go now, and pray that when command is yours  
You have no friends. See that strict guard be kept.

[*Exit VICARY.*]

(*Alone.*) I would that God had spared me this one hour.

*Pelican.* DOUGHTY in irons on the deck, seated upon a coil of  
ropes, leaning against a mast.

WINTER (*to the guards*). Back there, my men!

DOUGHTY. You are most welcome, Winter.

I am very glad of company. My soul  
Is sick to surfeit of its own dull thoughts.  
I like not lonely hours. What land is that?

WINTER. St. Julian's cape.

DOUGHTY. Is that a cross I see?

It seems, I think, the handiwork of man.

WINTER. No cross is that; there stout Magellan hanged  
Don Carthagene, vice-admiral of his fleet.

DOUGHTY. Wherefore?

WINTER. 'Tis said he did dislike the voyage,  
And had no mind to pass the narrow straits.

DOUGHTY. The strait he chose was narrower; mayhap  
He had no choice—as I may not to-morrow.

[*Is silent a few moments.*]

A little while ago, the scent of flowers  
Came from the land. Their nimble fragrance woke,  
As by a charm, some sleeping memories.

I dreamed myself again a fair-haired boy,  
A-gathering cowslips in my mother's fields.

There is no order that I shall not sing; [Pauses.

I can no mighty treason set to song.

WINTER. Sing, if it please you. I'll be glad it doth.  
What song shall't be?

DOUGHTY. Ah me, those Devon lanes !

[*Sings.*

SONG.

I would I were an English Rose,  
In England for to be ;  
The sweetest maid that Devon knows  
Should pick, and carry me.

To pluck my leaves be tender quick,  
A fortune fair to prove,  
And count in love's arithmetic  
Thy pretty sum of love.

[*The men come nearer.*

Oh, Devon's lanes be green o'ergrown,  
And blithe her maidens be,  
But there be some that walk alone,  
And look across the sea.

1ST SAILOR. 'Tis a sad shame so gay a gentleman  
Should lie in irons.

2ND SAILOR. Ay, the pity of it

WINTER (*to the men*). Off with you there ! (*To DOUGHTY.*)

The devil's in your tongue !

Why must you sing of England ? Follow me.

I think you would breed mutiny in heaven.

[*Exit.*

*Cabin of Pelican.*

DRAKE. *Enter* FLETCHER.

FLETCHER. I come as bidden. What may be your  
will ?

DRAKE. Think you a man may serve two masters ?

FLETCHER. Nay,

'Tis not so writ.

DRAKE. Yet there are some I know  
Would have me serve a dozen, and my Queen.  
Shall I serve this man's doubt, and that man's fear ?  
Who bade these cowards follow me to sea ?  
And you, that are Christ's captain,—what of you ?  
Were I a man vowed wholly unto God,  
I should have courage both of God and man ;  
And fear's a malady of swift infection.

FLETCHER. I think my captain has been ill informed.

DRAKE. Ah, not so ill. Look at me, in the face ;  
A man's eyes may rest honest, though his soul  
Be deeper damned than Judas. Thou art false !  
False to thy faith, thy duty, and thy Prince !  
Now, if thou hast no righteous fear of God—  
By heaven ! here stands a man you well may fear.

FLETCHER. Indeed I know not how I've angered you.

DRAKE. Thou shalt know soon. And—look not yet  
away—

You have hatched treason with the larger help  
Of one that hath more courage. Spare him not  
If you have hope to see another day.  
What of your plans ? I charge you, sir, be frank.  
What has he told that you should fear to tell ?

FLETCHER. We did but talk. Perchance I may have said  
I do not love the sea, that some aboard  
Would be well pleased to stand on English soil.

DRAKE. If you have any wisdom of this world,  
A coward heart may save a foolish head.  
I asked you what this traitor Doughty said,  
You answer me with babble of yourself.

Speak out, or, by my honour,—no light oath,—  
I shall so score you with the boatswain's lash  
That Joseph's coat shall be a mock to yours.

FLETCHER. You would not—dare—

DRAKE. I think you know me not.

You have my orders. Is it yes, or no?

FLETCHER. I pray you, sir, consider what you ask.  
No priest of God may, without deadly sin,  
Tell what in penitence a troubled soul  
Has in confession whispered. Ask me not.

DRAKE. If I do understand your words aright,  
Save for the idle talk of idle men,  
He hath said nought to you except of sin  
Such as the best may in an hour of shame  
Tell for the soul's relief. If this be so,  
Nor I, nor any man, may question you.

FLETCHER. I do assure you that I spoke the truth.

DRAKE (*perplexed, walks to and fro. Turns suddenly,  
offering the hilt of his sword*). Swear it upon the  
cross-hilt of my sword.

Swear! (FLETCHER *hesitates*.) As my God is dear, thou  
art more false

Than hell's worst devil. Ho! Without there! Ho!

FLETCHER. Nay, I will swear.

DRAKE. Too late. Without there! Ho!  
Send me the boatswain's mate. Without there! Ho!  
If I confess thee not, thou lying priest,  
May I die old—die quiet in my bed.  
Ho there! And quick!

FLETCHER. I pray you—let me think.

It may be that I did not understand.  
It might be that he talked to me, a man,  
As man to man. I think 'twas even so.

DRAKE. Out with it—quickly! Speak! Out! Out with it!

FLETCHER. I think he said the purpose of this voyage Was hid, and all of us are cheated men. It seems he said that if the gentles here Were of one mind, and stirred the crews to act, We might see England and our homes again.

DRAKE. What more?

FLETCHER. As who should take to bell the cat; As that the Queen your errand did not guess.

DRAKE. So! Said he that? Go on; thy tale lacks wit.

FLETCHER. Also, that storms and ever-vexing winds Did show God's will.

DRAKE. I think you trifle, sir. Did he talk ever of my Lord of Burleigh?

FLETCHER. I fear to speak.

DRAKE. Fear rather to be silent. Hear lies the warrant of Her Majesty: 'Tis she, not I, commands.

FLETCHER. He seemed to say They would best serve my Lord of Burleigh's wish Who marred this venture, ere the power of Spain Was roused to open war. I can no more.

DRAKE. See that your memory fail not on the morrow! Go thank the devil in your prayers to-night For that your skin is whole. Begone! Begone!

[Exit FLETCHER.]

Now know I what it costs a woman-prince To keep her realm. The great should have no friends.

*Enter VICARY, WINTER, and CHESTER.*

DRAKE. Call all the captains and the officers. The court shall meet to-morrow morn, at eight.

There shall be charges ready in due form ;  
 You, all of you, shall hear the witnesses.  
 And, Winter,—we are far from England now,—  
 See that this trial be in all things fair,  
 As though each man of you, an ermined judge,  
 Sat in Westminster. Let no words of mine  
 Disturb the equities of patient judgment.  
 I would not that, when you and I are old,  
 Uneasy memories of too hasty action  
 Should haunt us with reproach. But have a care.  
 My duty knows no friend ; be thine as ignorant.  
 Our fortunes and the honour of the Queen—  
 I should have said her honour and our fortunes—  
 Rest in your hands. See that my words be known.

WINTER. To all ?

DRAKE. To all, sailors and gentlemen.

*[Exeunt the captains.]*

WINTER, VICARY, and CHESTER *without*.

CHESTER. I'm like a child that fain would run away  
 To 'scape a whipping.

WINTER. There are none of us  
 More sore at heart than Drake.

VICARY. I know of one.  
 I would a friend were dead ere break of day,  
 And all to-morrow's story left untold.  
 I think that I shall never laugh again.

*[They reach the deck.]*

CHESTER (*pointing to the gibbet on the shore*). It may  
 be yon long-memored counsellor  
 Made hard the admiral's heart.

VICARY. That might be so.  
 I wandered thither, yesterday, at eve,  
 And found a skull. Didst ever notice, Winter,  
 How this least mortal relic of a man  
 Does seem to smile? Hast ever talked with skulls?  
 They are courteous ever, and good listeners.  
 And never one of them, or man or maid,  
 That is not secret. There's another virtue;  
 For what more honest and more chaste than death?  
 Now, then, this skull that grins an hundred years—  
 Pray think how mighty must the jest have been;  
 And then, how transient are our living smiles.

WINTER. Ill-omened talk. A graver business waits.

VICARY. Give me an hour. I am not well to-day.  
 I will be with you presently. [Exit VICARY.]

*Evening of the day of the trial and condemnation of*  
 DOUGHTY. *Time, sunset. Ashore on St. Julian's*  
*Island.*

WINTER. VICARY. DRAKE.

DRAKE *walking to and fro under the trees.*

WINTER (*coming up and walking beside him*) What  
 orders are there?

DRAKE. See the prisoner,  
 And bid him choose the hour and the day.

WINTER. And for the manner of the execution?  
 The court said nothing; sir, it lies with you.  
 What is your pleasure?

DRAKE. Say my will, John Winter  
 The gallows and the rope.

VICARY (*returning*). Must that be so?  
 'Tis a dog's death, and not a gentleman's.



DRAKE. I have at home a very honest dog.

VICARY. Wilt pardon me if once again I plead?

DRAKE. Plead not with me. No plea the heart can  
bring

My own heart fails to urge.

WINTER. I made no plea.

The man I loved this morn for me is dead.

But there are those in England—far away—

Mother and sister—

DRAKE. Sir, you have my orders!

Henceforth no friends for me! This traitor dies,

As traitors all should die, a traitor's death.

The man's life judges him, not you, nor I.

VICARY. Indeed, the manner of a man's departure,

Whether upon a war-horse or an ass,

Doth little matter, as it seems to me,

If those he leaves feel not the fashion of it.

Now, many a year that rope will throttle me,

Who am no traitor, and who like not well

What treachery this man's nature moved him to.

DRAKE. It seems to me that good men's lives are spent  
In paying debts another makes for them.

I have my share. Take you your portion, too.

Be just, I pray you, both to him and me.

Now, here's a man that was my closest friend.

In Plymouth, ay, in London, ere we sailed,

Against the pledge myself had given the Queen,

He told the purpose of my voyage to Burleigh

Pledging himself to wreck this enterprise,

Lest we should rouse these Spanish curs to bite.

That I do hold the warrant of the Queen

None but this traitor knew, and, knowing it,

Has set himself to brewing discontent,

Stirred mutiny amidst my crews, cast wide  
The seed of discord, till obedience,  
That is the feather on the shaft of duty,  
Failed, and my very captains questioned me.  
One man must die, or this great venture dies ;  
This man must die, or we go backward home,  
Like mongrel dogs that fear a shaken stick.

WINTER. Yet none of us have asked his life of you.

DRAKE. I ask it of myself ; shall ask it, sir,  
Knowing how vain and pitiful my plea.  
I have said nothing of the darker charge,  
The covert hints, the whispering here and there  
Of how my death might please my Lord of Burleigh,  
And settle all these mutinous debates.  
I think 'twas but an idle use of speech ;  
I think he meant not it should come to aught.

WINTER. Nor I.

VICARY. Nor I. He hath confessed to all  
Except this single charge. That he denied.

DRAKE. And now no more ! And hope not I shall  
change.

Yet will I well consider all your words.  
Rest you assured if there be any way  
That both secures the safety of this voyage  
And leaves this man to future punishment,  
I shall not miss to find it.

WINTER. That were well.  
I somewhat fear the temper of the men.  
And these grave statesmen, closeted at home,  
Have slight indulgence for the sterner needs  
That whip us into what seems rash or cruel.

DRAKE. Ah, many a day 'twixt us and England lies,  
And the peacemaker's blessing rests on time.

If death await me in the distant seas,  
I shall not fear to meet a higher Judge.  
If fortune smile upon our happy voyage,  
No man in England that will dare to say  
I served not well my country and my God ;  
The Queen will guard my honour as her own.  
But, come what may, sirs, I shall act unmoved  
By any dread of what the great may do,  
Though we should prick this sullen Spain to war.

VICARY. Now, by St. George, could we but stir the  
Dons

To open fight ! The Queen has many minds,  
But when the blades are out, and Philip strikes,  
As strike he will, these wary counsellors  
Will lose her ear amid the clash of swords.

DRAKE. Pray God that I do live to see the day  
When all the might of England takes the sea,  
And we, that are the falcons of the deep,  
Shall tear these cruel vultures, till our beaks  
Drip red with Spanish blood !

VICARY. May I be there !

DRAKE (*gravely*). Trust me, we all shall live to see  
that hour.

God gives us moments when the years to come  
Lie easily open like a much-read book.  
Oppressed with weight of care, in these last days  
I seem to see beyond this bitter time.  
We shall so carry us in yon Rome-locked seas  
That all the heart of England shall be glad,  
And the brown mothers of these priest-led Dons  
Shall scare unruly children with my name.  
And then, and then, I see a nobler hour.  
A day of mightier battle, when their fleets



Thank Francis Drake for me. I'll think upon it.  
And send me Leonard Vicary with good speed.

WINTER. Is there aught else a man may do for you?

DOUGHTY. Yes, come no more until I send for you.

WINTER. Have I in anything offended you?

DOUGHTY. No, thou hast too much loved me; that  
is all.

The sting lies there.

WINTER. I do not understand.

DOUGHTY. And I too well. Wilt send me Vicary?

WINTER (*aside*). As strange a monitor for a mortal hour  
As e'er a sick life's fancy hit upon. [*Exit.*

DOUGHTY (*alone*). This is a sad disguise of clemency.

Death seemed a natural and safe conclusion.

As one serenely bound upon a voyage,

I had turned my back on all I did hold dear,

And looked no more to land. I think, indeed,

Almost the very touch and sound of life

Seemed fading, as when sleep comes wholesomely.

Now I am in the wakened world again.

And all the blissful company of youth,

Love, friendship, hope, the mere esteem of men,

Beckon, and mock me like to sunlit fields

Seen from the wave-crests where a swimmer strives,

Struck hither, thither, by uneasy seas.

Christ to my help! Ah, counsel always best.

How should I bide upon these heathen shores?

Knowing how frail I be, how strong a thing

Is the contagion of base men's customs.

Alas! alas! I ever have been one

That wore the colour of the hour's friend.

What! risk my soul, that hath an endless date,

For days or years of life? That may not be.



One, the grave shrine of high philosophy.  
And one, where all the saints are jesters gay.  
Smile on me when I die. In that dim world  
I am assured men laugh, as well they may,  
To see this ant-heap stirred. Oh, I shall look  
To see you smile.

VICARY. I pray you talk not thus.

DOUGHTY. And wherefore not? A moment, only one,  
The thought of England troubled my decision;  
But that is over. Yet, a word of home.  
There is a maid in Devon—(*hesitates.*) Pardon me.  
When, by God's grace, you see her, as you must,  
Tell her I loved her well—and what beside  
I leave to you. I shall not hear the tale.  
Be gentle in the way of your report.  
Ah me! by every cross a woman kneels;  
I doubt not, Leonard, that some Syrian girl  
Sobbed where the thief hung dying. Now, good-bye!  
Go! and remember—I shall hold you to it.

[*Exit* VICARY.]

Oft when the tides of life were at their full,  
I have sat wondering what the ebb would be,  
And what that tideless moment men call death.  
I think it strange as nears the coming hour,  
I willingly would fetch it yet more near.

VICARY (*without, as he goes on deck*). He asks a smile  
where nature proffers tears.

I have laughed tears before, and may again.  
Here dies a man who, like that heir of Lynne,  
Has madly squandered honour, friendship, love,  
And hath no refuge save the dismal rope.  
Shall that bring other fortunes than he spent?  
Ah me! I loved him well,—and I must smile—

That will seem strange to men. I sometimes wish  
I could feel sure that Christ did ever smile.

*Enter DRAKE.*

DRAKE. I come to hear thy choice.

DOUGHTY. My choice is made.

Death, and no long delay. And be not grieved ;  
You will—ah, well I know you—feel the hurt.  
Were you to say, "Take life, take hope again,  
Take back command," and bid me mend my ways,  
The mercy were but vanity of kindness.  
Never could I be other than I am ;  
Yet think of me as but the minute's traitor.  
You have been merciful. 'Tis I am stern.  
Not you, but I, decree that I shall die.  
A sudden weariness of life is mine ;  
Let me depart in peace—

DRAKE. Must it be so ?

Another court may clear you.

DOUGHTY. Urge me not.

Another court ! There is but one high court  
May clear my soul of guilt. I go to God.  
There shall be witnesses you cannot call.  
Let this suffice. No man can move me now ;  
And rest assured I never loved you more.

DRAKE. I thank you. Now, what else ?

DOUGHTY. I choose to die.

Go we ashore at noon, and eat at table,  
Like gentlemen who speed a parting friend  
Upon a pleasant and a certain voyage :  
And I would share with you the bread of God. [*Pauses.*  
There is but one thing more—



DRAKE.                                Speak ! Oh, my God !  
Except—except mere life, there is no thing  
I would not give you ; yea, to my own life.  
DOUGHTY. You cannot think that I would ask my life ?  
DRAKE. Pardon, sweet gentleman, and sweeter friend.  
DOUGHTY. There is a maid in Devon — oh, Frank  
Drake !  
It must not be the gibbet and the rope !  
The axe and block, men say, cure all disgrace.  
DRAKE. So shall it be.  
DOUGHTY.                                I knew you not unkind.  
I pray you leave me now. God prosper you.  
You cannot know how kind a thing is death.

*Island of St. Julian. Table spread at noon, under the trees.*  
**DRAKE** seated with **DOUGHTY** and other officers. In the background, a block, with the headsman, sailors, and others.

VICARY and WINTER approach the table.

VICARY. Didst hear, John Winter, what he said to him?  
WINTER. I had but come ashore. What said he,  
Leonard?  
VICARY. First, he would have the admiral take the bread;  
Then, when in turn the priest did come to him,  
He said, "I would another man than you  
Were here to give me of this bread of God.  
Yet, as for this dear body of my Lord,  
A pearl that's carried in a robber's pouch  
Doth lose no lustre"; and with no more words  
Took of the sacrament; and so to table.

[*They approach sadly and in silence.*]

DOUGHTY (*looking up*). Come, come, I'll none of this !

Here are bent brows ;

You go not thus to battle. Shall one death

Disturb our appetites and spoil our mirth ?

Am I not host ? They'll not be bid again

Who come not merry. (*Aside to VICARY.*) See you fail  
me not.

Some men ask prayers. I only ask a smile.

(*Aloud.*) Come, gentlemen, I put this hardship on you.

There might be many questions, much to say.

DRAKE. I shall sit here for ever, if you will,  
But talk I cannot.

DOUGHTY. Nay, but this is strange.

'Tis the glad privilege of the gentle-born

To see in death an honest creditor,

That any day may ask the debt of life.

What ! must I make the talk ? That's naughty manners.

I never was a happier man than now.

There's few among you shall have choice of deaths.

And you, Frank Drake,—if God should bid elect—

What way to death wouldst choose !

DRAKE.

I do not know—

Not in my bed, please God.

DOUGHTY.

Speak for him, Leonard

I think my friend has shed his wits to-day.

Once he was readier—

VICARY.

Were I Francis Drake,

When waves are wild and fly the bolts of war,

And timbers crash, and decks are bloody red,

Then would I pass, slain by my loving sea,

As died the hurt Greek by a friendly sword.

DOUGHTY. Full bravely answered. Winter, what of  
you ?

WINTER. As God may will. I have no other thought.

DOUGHTY (*to* VICARY). And what, dear jester, Leonard,  
what of you?

VICARY. Oh, between kisses, of a morn of May,  
Or in the merriest moment of a fight,  
When blades are out, and the brave Dons stand fast—  
Upon my soul, I can no more of this,  
You ask too much of man. I can no more!

[*Leaves the table.*]

DOUGHTY. Now, here's a dull companion. Go not  
yet—  
Or go not far, and let not sorrow cheat me.

VICARY. Oh, I shall smile. Rest you assured of that.

[*Moves away.*]

DOUGHTY. I thought he had been made of sterner stuff.  
There's a too gentle jester. (*To* DRAKE.) Think you,  
Frank,  
That we shall meet in heaven?

DRAKE.

Such is my trust.

[*They talk in whispers.*]

DOUGHTY (*aloud*). The wind lies fair to south. Friends,  
gentles, all,  
It were not well to lose a prospering hour.  
God send you kindly gales and gallant ventures!  
Strike hard for me, John Winter! When the Dons  
Are thick about you and the fight goes ill,  
Cry, This is for remembrance! This, and this!  
And you, dear Leonard, when the feast is gay  
Drink double for your friend. Be sure my lips  
Shall share with yours the laughter and the cup.

[*Rises, as do all.*]

Now, then: The Queen and England! (*Drinks.*) (*To*  
DRAKE.) Take my love.

Still let me live a friendly memory—  
Come with me.

DRAKE.           No, I cannot, cannot come !

[*Moves away.*]

DOUGHTY (*to VICARY, as they walk to the block*). What,  
not a smile? Not one? That's better, Leonard,  
Albeit of a rather sickly sort.

Come hither, Francis Drake. (*DRAKE approaches.*) Good-  
bye, dear friend.

[*Kisses him on both cheeks. Kneels, and the axe falls.*]

VICARY. God rest this soul !

WINTER.                                   Amen !

DRAKE.                                   Christ comfort me !

1897.

## THE HUGUENOT

1686

DRY-LIPPED with terror, o'er the broken flints  
Stumbling I ran, my baby tightly held,  
And of a sudden, coming from the wood,  
Saw the low moon blood-dash the distant waves,  
Felt the wet grass slope of the cliff, and heard  
The hungry clamour of the hidden sea,  
Nor dared to stir, but waited for the dawn,  
And prayed and wondered why the beast alone  
Some certain instinct guided in its flight ;  
When, God be praised ! I saw my Louis stand  
With slant hand o'er his brow, this wise, at gaze—  
Just a mere outline, none but I had seen,  
Set 'gainst the flitting white caps of the sea.  
Then I said softly, "Louis," and he turned  
(I think that he would hear me were he dead),  
But as he quickly drew across the cliff  
I saw the sudden sadness of his face  
Grow through the lessening night, and ere I moved  
A strong arm caught me, while he cried in haste,  
"Why didst thou add new sorrow to my flight ?  
Who has betrayed it ? Surely once again,  
When these dark days are over, I had come  
To fetch thee and my mother and the boy,

Where in free England we should find a home."

"Home! Home!" I gasped. "Home! Mother!" for  
the words

Choked me as with a man's grip on the throat.

But he, hard breathing, held me fast and cried,

"Speak quickly,—death is near!" (but yet his hand

Put back my hair and soothed me). So I gasped,

"As from our preaching in the wood we rode

With Jacques the forester, as is his way,

He fell to singing Clement Marot's psalm,

For them God calleth to the axe or rack.

I, liking not the omen, bade him cease;

Then saw a-sudden, far above the hill,

A tongue of flame leap upward, heard a shot,

And then another, till at last our Jacques,

Bidding me wait, rode on. An hour ago,

While yet the night was dark,—he came again,

And thrust our little one within my arms,

And sharply speaking, bade me urge my horse,

And on the way told all."

"Told all,—told what?"

"The dear old house is burned, thy mother dead!"

"Dead, Marie?"

"Dead! one fierce pike-thrust, no more!

She did not suffer, Louis!"

"But the babe?"

"Jacques found him near the dial, in the maze."

"My God! there's blood upon his little hands!"

"Ay! it is thought she had him in her arms

(Thy mother's, Louis !), and it must have been  
She crawled, blood-spent, to hide the little man,  
And seeking somewhere help, fell down and died  
Beside the fountain."

"Oh, be quick ! what more ?"

"This Jacques to me, as hitherward we spurred,  
For, as we came, a noise behind us grew,  
And, haply, I have only brought you death.  
'Twas but one man, we guessed ; the rest, misled,  
Rode toward St. Malo, and Jacques leaving me—"

"Hush ! listen !"

"Nay, I see the boat, my lord !"

"Be silent, Marie ; kneel, here by the rock.  
Let come what may, no word." And so I knelt,  
And trembling saw the fiery glow of morn  
Shudder like some red judgment o'er the sea.  
This while my dear lord bent and kissed the babe,  
And then my cheek, my forehead, and my lips,  
Unsheathed his sword, and gazing inland stood,  
And slowly turned the ruffles from his wrist.  
But then my heart beat fiercely in my breast,  
For, on the sward between us and the verge,  
Leapt of a sudden from the pines a man,  
And paused a breath's time, for behind him dropped  
An awful cliff wall to a stepless shore,  
And steep the marge sloped to it, and before,  
Close at his breast, he saw my Louis' blade,  
Red like a viper's tongue, flash in the morn.  
Then said my sweet lord, speaking tender low,  
"Stir not, dear wife. It is the Duke, thank God !"  
So looking up I saw that traitor face,

With eyes of eager seeking, right and left,  
Glance up the cliff, and then I heard a voice  
Unlike my Louis', hollow, hoarse, and changed.  
"Too late! They will not find thee. Quick, on guard!  
The crows shall get thee graveyard room. On guard!"  
Whereat the Duke turned short. No better blade:  
Thrice have I seen him, in our happier days,  
Disarm my Louis in the armoury play.  
Whence, for a moment, as their rapiers met,  
Fear caught and held me, till I looked and saw  
My Louis' face grow passionless and calm,  
As one decreed by God to judge and slay.  
I crept apart, yet could not help but gaze,  
Because the thing was terrible to see.  
For my dear lord, his face unstirred and cold,  
Now touched him on the shoulder or the breast,  
Then in the chest an inch deep as he shrank,  
Till, with each wound, the traitor, shrinking back,  
Felt the sloped margin crumble 'neath his feet,  
Then wildly thrust, whereon the rapiers coiled  
Like twin steel serpents, and the Duke's flew wide.  
My God! I cried, "Save! Save him!" but my lord  
In silence with his kerchief wiped his sword,  
And coldly cast the red lace o'er the cliff.  
Speechless, I saw the stiff knees giving way,  
The long grass breaking in the hands' hard clutch,  
Till on the brink—oh, that was terrible!—  
A face—a cry—just "Marie!" that was all!  
And then I heard my good lord sheathe his blade.  
Ah, truly, that was very long ago,  
And why, why would you have me tell the tale?  
Sometimes at evening, underneath our oaks,  
Here in our English home, I sit and think,



Stirred by the memory of a wild, white face.  
Here come the boys you praised. My Louis'? No!  
And this grave maid? These are my baby's babes!  
You did not think I am a grand-dame. Well—  
You're very good to say so.

## A MEDAL

PANDOLPHUS MALATESTA, ISOTTA.

MALATESTA.

WHY does it pleasure me, Isotta, why?  
Canst guess,—I cannot,—wherefore such as I  
Should crave to see myself in bronze or gold?  
Matteo hath art's courage. He is bold!  
God-made or devil-fashioned, out I go  
For comment of the world, or friend or foe.  
What saith this face, Isotta?—what to you,  
As to a gazer chance hath brought to view?  
You smile,—dost dare? The soul beyond thine  
eyes  
Will bid you risk all other things save lies.

ISOTTA.

A jewel set in brass,—yet why, God knows,  
If God knows anything of such as those  
Like me, who fear you not as men know fear,  
Being, see you, sir, so little and so dear.  
Then lying is the luxury of the great.  
The marge of perils sweet. You dare me—wait;  
Give me the wax. This side face doth relate  
More truth than most, my lord, may care to state.  
And yet, not all; nay, with strange cunning hides

What little good or noble haply bides  
For rare occasion. Oh ! you bade me try  
At truth as of men dead beyond reply.  
Be sure, my lord, I could not lie to you.  
Why did Delilah love her great brute Jew,  
Hated and loved him ? Riddle that, my lord.

MALATESTA.

Rare old Genosthose Platon, whom I stored  
In yon stone tomb, might guess in vain for thee  
Betwixt his dreams of Plato, but for me,  
Too brief is life to riddle love or hate.  
The face, the face,—what secrets shall it prate  
When I am dead, and babbling students claim  
In feeblor days to know who set his name,  
Ensigns, and heraldry on yonder wall,  
With thine, my dame ? Dost fear to tell me all ?

ISOTTA.

Narrow the forehead ; bushy eyebrows set  
O'er lizard lids, cross-furrowed ; hair as jet ;  
The nose rapacious, falcon-curved, morose ;  
Cheeks wan, high-boned, o'er hollows ; lips set close,  
Like each to each, large, pouting, to men's eyes  
Twin slaves of passion, apt for love or lies.  
They who shall read in gentler days that face  
Shall call thee mad, and wonder at thy race.

MALATESTA.

Dost think they tell my story ? Lo, how sweet !  
The swallows flashing down the sunlit street ;  
A thrush upon the window,—he at least  
Must hold me guileless as yon pale boy priest.  
What more, fair mistress ? How he seeks your eye !

ISOTTA.

'Neath this stern brow forgotten murders lie ;  
The red lip lines confess lust, scorn, and hate ;  
Dark treacheries 'neath those sombre eye-caves wait.  
Ah, where, my lord, the scholar's studious pain,  
The zest for art, the Plato-puzzled brain,  
The high ambition for diviner thought,  
That joyed to see how well Alberti wrought ?

MALATESTA.

The earthquake scars the mildly tended soil,  
And leaves behind no trace of man's slow toil ;  
Lo, then, at last you find some alms of praise.  
Who sees a man full-faced must meet his gaze ;  
This side face, mark you, lacks the quick eye's change.  
Unwatched, men see it. Ever is it strange  
To him who carries it. 'Tis like, you say.

ISOTTA.

My good lord, so Matteo said to-day.

MALATESTA.

Now what a thing is custom ! You can scan  
This face and call me good. See how a man  
May scourge through centuries with the whips of  
shame,  
And curse you with the thing that wins him fame.

ISOTTA.

Minutes are courtiers. The inflexible years  
To no man palter, know not loves nor fears.

MALATESTA.

Ah ! none but you would dare in bitter speech

To front the Malatesta. Doth naught teach  
Thy careless tongue to fear loose talk of me ?

ISOTTA.

Yet so the meanest churl shall prate of thee,  
When axe or spear sets free thy soaring soul,  
And its wild flight hath won an earthly goal.

MALATESTA.

Small care have I what man or gossip say,  
When axe or spear-thrust come to close my day.  
And yet, and yet, Isotta, when my face  
Pales on some stricken field, and in my place  
Another woos thee, what wilt say, my maid ?

ISOTTA.

Much as the rest. The dead are oft betrayed.

MALATESTA (*aside*).

Not by the dead. No other lips shall lay  
Love's bribe upon thy cheek.

(*Aloud*). Another day  
Fades in the west, behind yon crumbling tower !  
Give me my Plato. Pray, how stands the hour ?

1883.

## THE SHRIVING OF GUINEVERE

STILL she stood in the shunning crowd.  
"Is there none," she said, aloud,  
"None who knelt to me, great and proud,  
Will say one word for me, sad and bowed?  
Alas! it seems to me, if I  
Were one of you, who, standing by,  
Hear gathered in a woman's cry  
The years of such an agony,  
It seemeth me that I would take  
Sweet pity's side for mine own sake,  
And, knowing guilt alone should quake,  
For chance of right one battle make."  
But, no man heeding her, she stayed  
Beneath the linden's trembling shade,  
And peered, half hopeful, half afraid,  
While passed in silence man and maid.  
She, staring on the stone-dry street  
Through the long summer-noonday heat,  
And, stirring never from her seat,  
Half saw men's shadows pass her feet.  
"Ah me!" she murmured, "well I see  
How bitter each day's life may be  
To them who have not where to flee  
And are as one with misery."

But, whether knight to tourney rode,  
Or bridal garments past her flowed,  
Or by some bier slow mourners trod,  
No sign of life the woman showed.  
When as the priestly evening threw  
The blessed waters of the dew,  
About her head her cloak she drew  
And hid her face from every view ;  
Till, as the twilight grew to shade,  
And passed no more or man or maid,  
A sudden hand was on her laid.  
“And who art thou ?” she moaned, afraid.  
Beside her one of visage sad  
Which yet to see made sorrow glad  
Stood, in a knight’s white raiment clad,  
But neither sword nor poniard had.  
“One who has loved you well,” he said.  
“Living I loved you well, and dead  
I love you still ; when joys were spread  
Like flowers, and greatness crowned your head,  
None loved you more. Not Arthur gave—  
He will not check me from his grave—  
So pure a love ; nor Launcelot brave  
With deeper love had yearned to save.”  
“Then,” said the woman, still at bay,  
“Why do I tremble when you lay  
A hand upon my shoulder ? Stay,  
What is thy name, sir knight, I pray ?  
For wheresoever memory chase  
I know not one such troubled face,  
Nor one that hath such godly grace  
Of solemn sweetness any place :  
But whatsoever man thou be,

What is it I should do for thee ? ”  
Whereon, he, smiling cheerily,  
Said : “ I would have thee follow me.”

Not any answer did he wait,  
But turned towards the city gate ;  
Not any word said she, but straight  
Went after, bent and desolate ;  
And, as a dream might draw, he drew  
Her feet to action, till she knew  
That house and palace round her grew,  
And some wild revel's reeling crew,  
And dame and page and squire and knight,  
And torches flashing on the sight,  
And fiery jewels flaming bright,  
And love and music and delight ;  
But slow across the spangled green  
The stern knight went and went the queen,—  
He solemn, silent, and serene,  
She bending low with humble mien.  
But where he turned the music died,  
Love-parted lips no more replied,  
And, shrinking back on either side,  
Serf and lord stared, wonder-eyed,  
Or marvelling shrunk swift away  
Before that visage solemn, gray,  
Till, where the leaping fountains sway,  
Thick showed the knights in white array.  
Where'er he passed, though stirred no breeze,  
The leaves shook, trembling on the trees.  
Where'er he looked, by slow degrees  
Fell silence and some strange unease,  
Whilst whispers ran : “ Who may it be ?



What knight is this? And who is she?"  
But only Gawain looked to see,  
And, praying, fell upon his knee.  
Then said a voice full solemnly:  
"Of all the knights that look on me,  
If only one of them there be  
That never hath sinned wittingly,  
Let him the woman first disown,  
Let him be first to cast a stone  
At her who, fallen from a throne,  
Is sad and weary and alone.  
Him, when the lists of God are set,  
Him, when the knights of God are met,  
If that he lacketh answer yet,  
The soul of him shall answer get."

Then, as a lily bowed with rain  
Leaps shedding it, she shed her pain,  
And towering looked where men, like grain  
Storm-humbled, bent upon the plain;  
Whilst over her the cold night air  
Throbbled with some awful pulse of prayer,  
As, bending low with reverent care,  
She kissed the good knight's raiment fair.  
When as she trembling rose again,  
And felt no more in heart and brain  
The weary weight of sin and pain,  
For him that healed she looked in vain;  
And from the starry heavens immense  
Unto her soul with penitence  
Came, as if felt by some new sense,  
The noise of wings departing thence.

## THE CENTURION

*A dark cell of the Circus Maximus. The Centurion and his child.*

“FATHER! father; hold me closer. Are they lions that I hear?

Once beside the Syrian desert where we camped I heard them near

While our servants made us music; and there's music now.

'Twas night,

And 'tis very dark here, father. There we had the stars for light.

Father, father! that was laughter, and the noise of many hands.

Why is it they make so merry? Shall we laugh soon? On the sands

How you smiled to see my terror! 'What,' you said, 'a Roman maid

Tremble in the Legion's camp! A Roman maiden and afraid!'

“Hush! Who called? Who called me? Mother! Surely that was mother's voice.”

But the gray centurion, trembling, murmured, “Little one, rejoice!”

Yet a single moan of sorrow broke the guard his man-  
hood set,  
While the sweetness of her forehead with a storm of tears  
was wet.  
And he answered, as she questioned, "That was but the  
rain God sends  
To the flowers he loves,"—then lower,—“Death and I are  
friends.”

“Father, father, now ’tis quiet. Was it mother? I am  
cold.  
Who, I wonder, feeds my carp? who, I wonder, at the  
fold  
Combs my lambs? who prunes my roses? Think you they  
will keep us long  
From the sunshine? Hark, the lions! Ah! they must be  
fierce and strong!”

“Peace, my daughter. Soon together we shall walk through  
gardens fair,  
Where the lilies psalms are singing, and the roses whisper  
prayer.”

“Who will bring us to the garden?” “Christ! Thou wilt  
not hear him call;  
Suddenly wide doors shall open; on thy eyes the sun shall  
fall;  
Thou shalt see God’s lions, waiting, and, above, a living  
wall.

Yea, ten thousand faces waiting, come to help our holiday,  
Music, flowers, and the Cæsar.—Rest upon my shoulder,  
lay

One small hand in mine,—and peace. A moment I would  
think and pray.

"I am sore with shame and scourging, I, a Roman! I, a knight!

Yea, if nobly born, the nobler for the birth of higher light.  
Was it pain, and was it shame? The lictor's rods fell on  
a man;

On the God-man fell those scourges, and the bitter drops  
that ran

Flowed from eyes that wept for millions, came of pain none  
else can know,

An eternity of anguish, counted as the blood drops flow.

Mine is but an atom's torment; mine shall bring eternal  
gain;

His, the murder pangs of ages, paid with usury of pain.

"Art thou weary of the darkness? Art thou cold, my  
little maid?

Hast thou sorrow of my sorrow? Kiss my cheek. Be not  
dismayed.

Lo, the nearness of one moment setteth age to lonely  
thought,

Would His will but make us one ere yet His perfect will be  
wrought.

That may not be. Once, once only Love must drop the  
hand of love."

"Father, father! Hark the lions!" "Peace, my little one,  
my dove;

Soon thy darkened cage will open, soon the voice of Christ  
will say,

'Come and be among my lilies, where the golden fountains  
play,

And an angel legion watches, and for ever it is day.'

So, my hand upon thy shoulder. You, so little! I, so  
tall!

Now, one kiss—earth's last ! My darling."—Back the iron  
gate bolts fall.

Lo, the gray arena's quiet, and the faces waiting all,  
Waiting, and the lion's waiting, while the gray centurion  
smiled,

As, beneath the white velarium, fell God's sunlight on the  
child :

For a gentle voice above them murmured, "Forth, and  
have no fear,"

And the little maiden answered, "Lo, Christ Jesu, I am  
here !"

1890.

## DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUES

IN his cheerful Norman orchard  
Lay De Gourgues of Mont Marsan,  
Gascon to the core, and merry,  
Just a well-contented man,

With his pipe, that comrade constant,  
Won in sorrowful Algiers,  
In the slave's brief rest at evening  
Left for curses and for tears.

Peacefully he pondered, gazing  
Where his plough-ribbed cornfields lay,  
With their touch of hopeful verdure,  
Waiting patient for the May.

Joyous from the terrace o'er him  
Came the voice of wife and child,  
And the sunlit smoke curled upward  
As the gaunt old trooper smiled.

"St. Denis," quoth the stout De Gourgues,  
"Yon beehive's ever busy hum  
Doth like me better than the noise  
Of the musketoon and drum.

“Tough am I, though this skin of mine  
By steel and bullet well is scarred,  
Like those round pippins overhead  
By the thrushes pecked and marred.

“Forsooth I’m somewhat autumn-ripe,  
Yet like my apples sound and red.  
And life is sweet,” said stout De Gourgues,  
“Yea, verily sweet,” he said.

“Three things there were I once did love—  
One that gay jester of Navarre,  
And one to sack a Spanish town,  
And one the wild wrath of war.

“And two there were I hated well—  
One that carrion beast, a Moor,  
And one that passeth him for spite,  
That’s a Spaniard, rest you sure.”

Still he smoked, and musing murmured,  
“There be three things well I like,  
My pipe, my ease, this quiet life,  
Better far than push of pike.

“And to-day there be two I love  
Who lured me out of the strife,  
The lad who plays with my rusty blade,  
And the little Gascon wife.

“Parbleu ! parbleu !” cried gray De Gourgues,  
For at his side there stood  
A soldier, scarred and worn and white,  
In a cuirass dark with blood.

“Ventre Saint Gris ! good friend, halloa !  
Art sorely hurt, and how ? and why ?  
Art Huguenot ? Here’s help at need ;  
Or Catholic ? What care I !”

No motion had the white wan lips,  
The mail-clad chest no breathing stirred,  
Though clear as rings a vengeful blade  
Fell every whispered word.

“That Jean Ribaut am I  
Who sailed for the land of flowers ;  
’Fore God our tryst is surely set ;  
I wearily count the hours.”

And slowly rose the steel-clad hand,  
And westward pointing stayed as set :  
“Thy peace is gone ! No morn shall dawn  
Will let thee e’er forget.

“Thy brothers, the dead, lie there,  
Where only the winds complain,  
And under their gallows walk  
The mocking lords of Spain.

“If ever this France be dear,  
And honour as life to thee,  
Thy wife, thy child are naught to-day,  
Thy errand’s on the sea.”

“St. Denis to save !” cried stout De Gourgues,  
“One may dream, it seems, by day.”  
The man was gone !—but where he stood  
A rusted steel glove lay.



“I’ve heard—yea twice—this troublous tale,  
It groweth full old indeed ;  
But old or new, my sword is sheathed  
For ghost or king or creed.”

Full slow he turned and climbed the hill,  
And thrice looked back to see :  
“The dream ! The glove !—How came it there ?—  
What matters a glove to me ?’

But day by day as one distraught  
He stood, or gazed upon the board ;  
Nor heard the voice of wife or boy,  
Nor took of the wine they poured.

He saw his bannerol flutter forth,  
As tossed by the wind of fight,  
And watched his sword above the hearth  
Leap flashing to the light.

He told her all. “Now God be praised !”  
She cried, while the hot tears ran ;  
“She little loves who loves not more  
His honour than the man.”

His lands are sold. A stranger’s hand  
The juice of his grapes shall strain ;  
Another, too, shall reap the hopes  
He sowed with the winter grain.

His way was o’er the windy seas,  
But, sailed he fast or sailed he slow,  
He saw by day, he saw by night,  
The face of Jean Ribaut.

The sun rose crimson with the morn,  
Or set at eve a ghastly red,  
While over blue Bahama seas  
Beckoned him ever the dead.

Till spoke, sore set at last, De Gourgues :  
“Ho, brothers brave, and have ye sailed  
For gain of gold this weary way ?  
Heaven’s grace ! but ye have failed !

“A sterner task our God hath set ;  
In yon wild land of flowers  
Our dead await the trusty blades  
Shall cleanse their fame and ours.

“Ye know the tale.” Few words they said :  
“We are thine for France to-day !”  
By cape and beach and palmy isles  
The avengers held their way.

The deed was done, the honour won,  
Nor land nor gain of gold got they,  
Where ’neath the broad palmetto leaves  
Their dead at evening lay.

The deed was done, the honour won,  
And o’er the gibbet-loads was set  
This legend grim for priests to read,  
And, if they could, forget :

“Not as to Spaniards : murderers these.  
Ladrones, robbers, hanged I here,  
Ransom base for the costly souls  
Whom God and France hold dear.”

How welcomed him that brave Rochelle,  
With cannon thunder and clash of bell,  
What bitter fate his courage won,  
Some slender annals tell.

No legend tells what signal sweet  
Looked gladness from a woman's eyes,  
Or how she welcomed him who brought,  
Alas ! one only prize,—

A noble deed in honour done  
And the wreck of a ruined life.  
Ah, well if I knew what said the lips  
Of the little Gascon wife !

## TO A MAGNOLIA FLOWER

IN THE GARDEN OF THE ARMENIAN CONVENT  
AT VENICE

I SAW thy beauty in its high estate  
Of perfect empire, where at set of sun  
In the cool twilight of thy lucent leaves  
The dewy freshness told that day was done.

Hast thou no gift beyond thine ivory cone's  
Surpassing loveliness? Art thou not near—  
More near than we—to nature's silentness;  
Hath it not voices for thy finer ear?

Thy folded secrecy doth like a charm  
Compel to thought. What spring-born yearning lies  
Within the quiet of thy stainless breast  
That doth with languorous passion seem to rise?

The soul doth truant angels entertain  
Who with reluctant joy their thoughts confess:  
Low-breathing, to these sister spirits give  
The virgin mysteries of thy heart to guess.

What whispers hast thou from yon childlike sea  
That sobs all night beside these garden walls?  
Canst thou interpret what the lark hath sung  
When from the choir of heaven her music falls?

If for companionship of purity  
The equal pallor of the risen moon  
Disturb thy dreams, dost know to read aright  
Her silver tracery on the dark lagoon?

The mischief-making fruitfulness of May  
Stirs all the garden folk with vague desires.  
Doth there not reach thine apprehensive ear  
The faded longing of these dark-robed friars,

When, in the evening hour to memories given,  
Some gray-haired man amid the gathering gloom  
For one delirious moment sees again  
The gleam of eyes and white-walled Erzeroum?

Hast thou not loved him for this human dream?  
Or sighed with him who yester-evening sat  
Upon the low sea-wall, and saw through tears  
His ruined home and snow-clad Ararat?

If thou art dowered with some refined sense  
That shares the counsels of the nesting bird,  
Canst hear the mighty laughter of the earth,  
And all that ear of man hath never heard,

If the abysmal stillness of the night  
Be eloquent for thee, if thou canst read  
The glowing rubric of the morning song,  
Doth each new day no gentle warning breed?

Shall not the gossip of the maudlin bee,  
The fragrant history of the fallen rose,  
Unto the prescience of instinctive love  
Some humbler prophecy of joy disclose ?

Cold vestal of the leafy convent cell,  
The traitor days have thy calm trust betrayed ;  
The sea-wind boldly parts thy shining leaves  
To let the angel in. Be not afraid !

The gold-winged sun, divinely penetrant,  
The pure annunciation of the morn  
Breathes o'er thy chastity, and to thy soul  
The tender thrill of motherhood is borne.

Set wide the glory of thy radiant bloom !  
Call every wind to share thy scented breaths !  
No life is brief that doth perfection win.  
To-day is thine—to-morrow thou art death's !

CORTINO D'AMPEZZO, *July* 1897.

## RESPONSIBILITY

THUS, lying among roses in the garden of the Great Inn after certain cups of wine, I, Attar El Din, sang of things to come, when, I being dead a day, the Angels of Affirmation and Denial should struggle for my soul.

“I, Moonkir, the angel, am come  
To count of his good deeds the sum,  
For this mortal death-stricken and dumb.”

“I, Nekkir, the clerk of ill thought,  
Am here to dispute what hath wrought  
This breeder of song, come to naught.

“Let us call from the valleys of gloom,  
From the day’s death of sleep and the tomb,  
The wretched he lured to their doom.”

Then, such as my song had made weep  
Came parting the tent-folds of sleep,  
Or rose from their earth-couches deep.

SPAKE A VOICE :

“I sat beside the cistern on the sand,  
When this man’s song did take me in its hand,

And hurled me, helpless, as a sling the stone  
That knows not will nor pity of its own.  
Within my heart was seed of murder sown,  
So once I struck—yea, twice, when he did groan.”

SPAKE A VOICE :

“ Ay, that was the song  
Which I heard as I lay  
'Gainst my camel's broad flanks,  
Thinking how to repay  
The death-debt so bitter with wrong.  
I rose, as he sang, to rejoice  
With a blessing of thanks ;  
For the song ruled my slack will and me,  
Like one who doth lustily throw  
The power of hand and of knee  
To string up to purpose a bow.  
Quick I stole through the dark, but delayed  
To hear how, with everyday phrase,  
Such as useth a child or a maid,  
From praise of decision to praise  
Of the quiet of evening he fell.  
Thus a torrent grows still on the plain  
To mirror how come through the grain  
The women with jars to the well.  
Swift I drew o'er the sands cool and gray,  
With my knife in my teeth held to slay.  
Hot and wet felt my hand as it crept—  
Lo ! dead 'neath my hand the man lay ;  
This other had struck where he slept.”

Then Moonkir, who treasures good deeds,  
To mark how the total exceeds,



Said, "He soweth or millet or weeds  
Who casts forth a song in the night,  
As a pigeon is flung for its flight ;  
He knoweth not where 'twill alight.  
Lo, Allah a wind doth command,  
And the caravan dies in the sand,  
And the good ship is sped to the land."

SPAKE A VOICE :

"I lay among the idle on the grass,  
And saw before me come and go, alas !  
This evil rhymers. And he sang how God  
Is but the cruel user of the rod,  
And how the wine-cup better is than prayer :  
Whereon I cursed, and counselled with despair,  
And drank with him, and left my field untilled,  
Whilst all my house with woe and want was filled."

SPAKE A VOICE :

"And I that took no heed of things divine,  
But ever loved to loiter with the wine,  
Was straightway sobered. From the inn I went,  
And in the folded stillness of my tent  
Wrestled with Allah, till the morning fair  
Beheld this scorner like the rest at prayer."

Quoth I, this same Attar El Din,  
Whose doubtful proportion of sin  
These angels considered within :

"Ye weighers of darkness and light,  
Ere cometh the day and the night,  
Mark how, from the minaret's height,

The prayer seed of Allah is strown :  
In the heart of the man it is sown.  
He tilleth, or letteth alone.

“ Behold at even-time within my tent  
I wailed in song because a death-shaft, sent  
From Azrael’s fateful bow, had laid in dust  
My eldest-born ; I sang because I must.  
For hate, love, joy, or grief, like Allah’s birds,  
I have but song, and man’s dull use of words  
Fills not the thirsty cup of my desire  
To hurt my brothers with the scorch of fire  
That burns within. Yea, they must share my fate,  
Love with me, hate, with me be desolate.  
And so I drew my bowstring to the eye,  
And shot my shafts, I cared not where or why,  
If but the men indifferent, who lay  
Beneath the palm-trees at the fall of day,  
I could make see with me the dead boy’s look  
That swayed me as the bent reeds of the brook  
Sway when the sudden torrent of the hills  
From bank to bank the crumbling channel fills.

“ Then one who heard me, and through stress of grief  
Struggled with agony of loss in vain,  
Into the desert fled, and made full brief  
A clearance with the creditor called Pain,  
And by a sword-thrust gave his heart relief.

“ But one whose eyes were dry as summer sand  
Wept as I sang, and said, ‘ I understand.’

“ And one, who loved, did rightly comprehend,  
Because I sang how, ever to life’s end,

The death-fear sweetens love : and went his way  
With deepened love to where the dark-eyed lay."

SPAKE A VOICE :

" My father's foe, a dying man,  
Thirst-stricken near the brookside lay ;  
Its prattle mocked him as it ran,  
So near and yet so far away.  
While the quick waters cooled my feet,  
Hot from the long day's desert heat,  
I drank deep draughts, and deep delight  
Of vengeance sated and complete,  
Because the great breast heaved and groaned,  
The red eyes yearned, the black lips moaned,  
Because my foe should die ere night.  
Then, as a rich man scatters alms,  
This careless singer 'neath the palms,  
With lapse, and laughter, and pauses long,  
Merrily scattered the gold of song,  
A babble of simple childish chants :  
How they dig little wells with the small brown hand ;  
How they watch the caravan march of the ants,  
And build tall mosques with the shifting sand,  
And are mighty sheiks of a corner of land.

" Ah ! the rush and the joy of the singing  
Swept peace o'er my hate, and was sweet  
As the freshness the waters were bringing  
Was cool to my desert-baked feet.

" Thereon I raised mine enemy, and gave  
The cold clear water of the wave ;  
And when he blessed me I did give again,  
And had strange fear my bounty were but vain ;

When, as I bent, he smote me through the breast.—  
And that is all ! Great Allah knows the rest.”

Said Nekkir, the clerk of man’s wrong,  
“Great Solomon’s self might be long  
In judging this mad son of song.”

Then I, who am Attar El Din,  
Cried, “Surely no two shall agree !  
Thou mighty collector of sin,  
Be advised : come with me to the Inn ;  
There are friends who shall witness for me—  
Big-bellied, respectable, staunch,  
One arm set a-crook on the haunch ;  
They will pour the red wine of advice,  
And behold ! ye shall know in a trice  
How hopeless for wisdom to weigh  
The song-words a poet may say.”

Cried Moonkir, the clerk of good thought,  
“Ah, where shall decision be sought ?  
Let us quit this crazed maker of song,  
A confuser of right and of wrong.”

“But first,” laughed I, Attar El Din,  
“I am dry : leave my soul at the Inn.”

## GUIDARELLO GUIDARELLI

RAVENNA WARRIOR (1502)

What was said to the Duke by the sculptor concerning Guidarello Guidarelli, and of the monument he made of his friend.<sup>1</sup>

### I

“GUIDARELLO GUIDARELLI !”

Ran a murmur low or loud,  
As he rode with lifted vizor,  
Smiling on the anxious crowd.

“Guidarello Guidarelli !”

Rang the cry from street and tower,  
As our Guido rode to battle  
In Ravenna's darkest hour.

“Guidarello Guidarelli !”

Little thought we of his doom  
When a love-cast rain of roses  
Fell on saddle, mail, and plume.

<sup>1</sup> This monumental recumbent statue is now in the museum at Ravenna,

Low he bowed, and laughing gaily  
Set one red rose in his crest,  
All his mail a scarlet splendour  
From the red sun of the west.

“Guidarello Guidarelli !”  
So he passed to meet his fate,  
With the cry of “Guidarelli !”  
And the clangour of the gate.

## II

Well, at eve we bore him homeward,  
Lying on our burdened spears.  
Ah ! defeat had been less bitter,  
And had cost us fewer tears.

At her feet we laid her soldier,  
While men saw her with amaze—  
Fearless, tearless, waiting patient,  
Some wild challenge in her gaze.

Then the hand that rained the roses  
Fell upon his forehead cold.  
“Go !” she cried, “ye faltering cravens !  
One that fled, your shame has told.

“Go ! How dare ye look upon him—  
Ye who failed him in the fight ?  
Off ! ye beaten hounds, and leave me  
With my lonely dead to-night !”

No man answered, and they left us  
Where our darling Guido lay.  
I alone, who stood beside him  
In the fight, made bold to stay.

"Shut the gate!" she cried. I closed it.  
"Lay your hand upon his breast;  
Were you true to him?" "Ay, surely,  
As I hope for Jesu's rest!"

Then I saw her staring past me,  
As to watch a bird that flies,  
All the light of youthful courage  
Fading from her valiant eyes.

And with one hoarse cry of anguish  
On the courtyard stones she fell,  
Crying, "Guido Guidarelli!"  
Like the harsh notes of a bell

Breaking with its stress of sweetness,  
Hence to know a voiceless pain.  
"Guidarello Guidarelli!"  
Never did she speak again:

Save, 'tis said, she wins, when dreaming,  
Tender memories of delight;  
"Guidarello Guidarelli!"  
Crying through the quiet night.

## III

Ah! you like it? Well, I made it  
Ere death aged upon his face.  
See, I caught the parted lip-lines  
And the lashes' living grace:

For the gentle soul within him,  
Freed by death, had lingered here,  
Kissing his dead face to beauty,  
As to bless a home grown dear.

He, my lord, was pure as woman,  
Past the thought of man's belief;  
Truth and honour here are written,  
And some strangeness of relief.

Born beneath my eager chisel  
As a child is born—a birth  
To my parent-skill mysterious,  
Of, and yet not all of, earth.

Still one hears our women singing,—  
For a love-charm, so 'tis said,—  
“Guidarello Guidarelli!”  
Like a love-mass for the dead.

In caressing iteration  
With his name their voices play—  
“Elli, Nelli, Guidarelli,”  
Through some busy market-day.

Ah, my lord, I have the fancy  
That through many a year to come  
This I wrought shall make the stranger  
Share our grief when mine is dumb.



## THE EVE OF BATTLE

1651

GIVE me thy thoughts, my gentle maid,  
And I will lend them wings  
To soar elate above this world  
Of transitory things.

Give me thy virgin dreams, and I  
Will give their shyness song,  
Shall rise as with an angel's flight  
That doth for heaven long.

And I will praise thee, dear, so well  
That thou wilt wish to be  
The lover of thy perfect self,  
And coyly envy me.

Or I will close my eyes, and lie  
Upon thy breast, to hear  
How daring is that modest heart  
When eyes are none to fear ;

And I will wait till brooding love  
Hath some new sweet matured,  
As bides at eve the patient flower  
Of dewy hopes assured ;

But if a clouded moment's dread  
Forbid love's dew to fall,  
I'll know to hear what words I will  
In love's confessional.

Or I will learn to share thy mood,  
And silent think a space  
How dear a little loss will make  
Thy undiminished grace.

And from the harbour of thy breast  
Shall sail joy-freighted ships  
To seek, on daring ventures bent,  
The fair port of thy lips.

Alas ! alas ! the trumpet calls ;  
God help thy tender fears !  
Ah, love would not be half of love  
Had it not also tears !

Last night you kissed my shining blade,  
And by the King I swore  
That kiss should go where never kiss  
Hath ever gone before.

You tied upon my helmet front  
A lock of flowing gold ;  
By heaven ! he'll have luck that rides  
Before that pennon bold.

Ah ! wilt thou ride in thought with me  
Amid the Roundhead press,  
I warrant thee full courteous room  
Around my lady's tress.

I kneel, dear heart ; for one last kiss  
Shall be a prayer to bring  
God's blessing on the arms that strike  
For God and for the King.

Good-night ! Again the trumpet calls ;  
Now be thy heart as light  
As that with which we gallants ride.  
God bless thee, dear. Good-night !

## KEARSARGE<sup>1</sup>

SUNDAY in Old England :  
In gray churches everywhere  
The calm of low responses,  
The sacred hush of prayer.

Sunday in Old England ;  
And summer winds that went  
O'er the pleasant fields of Sussex,  
The garden lands of Kent,

Stole into dim church windows  
And passed the oaken door,  
And fluttered open prayer-books  
With the cannon's awful roar.

Sunday in New England ;  
Upon a mountain gray  
The wind-bent pines are swaying  
Like giants at their play ;

Across the barren lowlands,  
Where men find scanty food,  
The north wind brings its vigour  
To homesteads plain and rude.

<sup>1</sup> On Sunday, June 19, 1864, the U.S. ship *Kearsarge*, named from a mountain in New England, sank the Confederate warship *Alabama*.

Ho, land of pine and granite !  
Ho, hardy northland breeze !  
Well have you trained the manhood  
That shook the Channel seas,

When o'er those storied waters  
The iron war-bolts flew,  
And through Old England's churches  
The summer breezes blew ;

While in our other England  
Stirred one gaunt rocky steep,  
When rode her sons as victors, ,  
Lords of the lonely deep.

LONDON, *July* 20, 1864.

## THE SEA-GULL

### I

THE woods are full of merry minstrelsy ;  
Glad are the hedges with the notes of spring ;  
But o'er the sad and uncompanioned sea  
No love-born voices ring.

### II

Gray mariner of every ocean clime,  
If I could wander on as sure a wing,  
Or beat with yellow web thy pathless sea,  
I too might cease to sing.

### III

Would I could share thy silver-flashing swoop,  
Thy steady poise above the bounding deep,  
Or buoyant float with thine instinctive trust,  
Rocked in a dreamless sleep.

## IV

Thine is the heritage of simple things,  
The untasked liberty of sea and air,  
Some tender yearning for the peopled nest,  
Thy only freight of care.

## V

Thou hast no forecast of the morrow's need,  
No bitter memory of yesterdays ;  
Nor stirs thy thought that airy sea o'erhead,  
Nor ocean's soundless ways.

## VI

Thou silent raider of the abounding sea,  
Intent and resolute, ah, who may guess  
What primal notes of gladness thou hast lost  
In this vast loneliness !

## VII

Where bides thy mate ? On some lorn ocean rock  
Seaward she watches. Hark ! the one shrill cry,  
Strident and harsh, across the wave shall be  
Her welcome—thy reply.

## VIII

When first thy sires, with joy-discovered flight,  
High on exultant pinions sped afar,  
Had they no cry of gladness or of love,  
No bugle note of war ?

## IX

What gallant song their happy treasury held,  
Such as the pleasant woodland folk employ,  
The lone sea thunder quelled. Thou hast one note  
For love, for hate, for joy.

## X

Yet who that hears this stormy ocean voice  
Would not, like them, at last be hushed and stilled,  
Were all his days through endless ages past  
With this stern music filled ?

## XI

What matters it ? Ah ! not alone are loved  
Leaf-cloistered poets who can love in song.  
Home to the wild-eyed ! Home ! She will not miss  
The music lost so long.

## XII

Home ! for the night wind signals, "Get thee home" ;  
Home, hardy admiral of the rolling deep ;  
Home from the foray ! Home ! That silenced song  
Love's endless echoes keep.



## A WAR SONG OF TYROL :

FREELY ENGLISHED FROM JOHANN SENN

(1792-1858)

“WILD eagle of the Tyrol,  
Why are thy feathers red ?”  
“I’ve been to greet the morning  
On Ortler’s crimsoned head !”

“Gray eagle of the Tyrol,  
’Tis not the morning light  
Drips from the soaring pinions  
That wing thy airy flight.

“Proud eagle of the Tyrol,  
Why are thy claws so red ?”  
“I’ve been where Etschland’s maidens  
The ruddy vintage tread.”

“Gray eagle of the Tyrol,  
Red runs our Tyrol wine ;  
But redder ran the vintage  
That stained those claws of thine.

“Wild eagle of the Tyrol,  
Why is thy beak so red ? ”

“Go ask the gorge of Stilfes,<sup>1</sup>  
Where lie the Saxon dead !

“The grapes were ripe in August  
Wherewith my beak is red ;  
The vines that gave that vintage  
No other wine will shed :  
My beak is red with battle ;  
I've been among the dead ! ”

1897.

<sup>1</sup> Here the Tyrolese defeated Marshal Lefebvre and the Saxon auxiliaries of France.

## THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

### DUTY, FAITH, AND LOVE

I SEE a black barge, ere the night is o'er,  
Come on death's mighty tide ;  
And one who fears not, on a lessening shore  
Its coming doth abide.

On the deck three spirits wait ;  
One, a queen of strength and state,  
Duty, mistress of the great.  
At her feet two maidens kneel—  
Courage, with the ready steel,  
Honour, with the stainless shield.  
And her eyes are set afar  
On a single argent star  
Steadfast in the azure field.

Faith, a spirit more sublime,  
Looks across the darkened sea ;  
The patience of Eternity  
Hath taught her soul the scorn of time,  
And the splendour of her eyes  
Inherits awful memories.  
Love, that from each sister's might

Gathers strength to feed delight,  
Chants with heaven-lifted head :  
"Behold our sacred dead ;  
This is he, a king of song ;  
Last of those to whom belong  
That sword of light  
Which, ever dull within a meaner hand,  
Shines for the Knights of God a burning brand.'

Rose the queenly sister's praise :  
"This is he of blameless days.  
Ay, this is he  
Who, with increase of thought,  
In lofty measures taught.  
To follow me,  
Devoid of mean pretence,  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

And that other sister cried :  
"This is he my soul hath tried.  
Ever since his song began,  
Through the large competence of man,  
Unto life's crumbling edge,  
While the faint sunset light did yet endure,  
He kept my undiminished pledge  
Of Faith secure."

Spake anew the gentler Queen :  
"By his side I walked unseen  
Through the wide world of men.  
Again, and still again,  
As one who understands,  
With word-winged thought

He taught  
The double love of God and man,  
That since the ages ran  
Doth keep in perfect touch our sister hands.  
For we are they with whom his life did move,—  
Duty, and Faith, and Love,—  
And he for whom we wait,  
The last and loneliest of the great  
Who waked the infant century with their lays,  
And to its waning days  
Still sang elate.  
O Singer, resolute and strong,  
We bear thy soul to starry homes of Song.”

# THE CHRIST OF THE SNOWS

## A NORWEGIAN LEGEND

SET wine on the table  
And bread on the plate ;  
Cast logs on the ashes,  
And reverent wait.

The wine of love's sweetness  
Set out in thy breast,  
And the white bread of welcome,  
To comfort the Guest.

For surely He cometh,  
Now midnight is near ;  
The wild winds, like wolf packs,  
Have fled in their fear,

Or hid in far fiords,  
Or died on the floes :  
For surely He cometh,  
Our Christ of the Snows.

Along by the portal,  
Half joy and half fear,  
Wait man, maid, and matron  
The step none shall hear ;

The babe at the doorway,  
And age with eyes dim,—  
They whom birth near or death near  
Make closest to Him.

The clock tolleth midnight ;  
Cast open the door ;  
Shrink back ere He passeth,  
Kneel all on the floor.

The stillness of terror  
Possesseth the night,  
From star-haunted heaven  
To snow spaces white.

Lo ! shaken by ghost gods  
Who angrily fly,  
The banners of Odin  
Flame red on the sky.

The last note hath stricken :  
Did He pass ? Was He here ?  
Is it sorrow or joy that  
Shall rule the new year ?

The mother who watcheth  
The face of the child  
Saith, "Ah, He was with us,—  
The baby hath smiled !"

The virgin who bends o'er  
The cup on the board  
Cries, "Lo! the wine trembled,—  
'Twas surely the Lord!"

Sing Christmas, sweet Christmas,  
All good men below ;  
Sing Christmas that bringeth  
Our Christ of the Snow.



## ROMA

RIPE hours there be that do anticipate  
The heritage of death, and bid us see,  
As from the vantage of eternity,  
The shadow-symbols of historic fate.

Swift through the gloom each mournful chariot rolls,  
Dim shapes of empire urge the flying steeds,  
Featured with man's irrevocable deeds,  
Robed with the changeful passions of men's souls.

Ethereal visions pass serene in prayer,  
Their eyes aglow with sacrificial light ;  
Phantoms of creeds long dead, their garments bright,  
Drip red with blood of torture and despair.

In such an hour my spirit did behold  
A woman wonderful. Unnumbered years  
Left in her eyes the beauty born of tears,  
And full they were of fatal stories old.

The trophies of her immemorial reign  
The shadowy great of eld beside her bore ;  
A broidery of ancient song she wore,  
And the glad muses held her regal train.

Still hath she kingdom o'er the souls of men ;  
Dear is she always in her less estate.

The sad, the gay, the thoughtful, on her wait,  
Praising her evermore with tongue and pen.

Stately her ways and sweet, and all her own ;  
As one who has forgotten time she lives,  
Loves, loses, lures anew, and ever gives,—  
She who all misery and all joy hath known.

If thou wouldst see her, as the twilight fails,  
Go forth along the ancient street of tombs,  
And when the purple shade divinely glooms  
High o'er the Alban hills, and night prevails,

If then she is not with thee while the light  
Glow's over roof and column, tower and dome,  
And the dead stir beneath thy feet, and Rome  
Lies in the solemn keeping of the night,—

If then she be not thine, not thine the lot  
Of those some angel rescues for an hour  
From earth's mean limitations, granting power  
To see as man may see when time is not.

ROME, *May* 1861.

## THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA

How gentle here is Nature's mood ! She lays  
A woman-hand upon the troubled heart,  
Bidding the world away and time depart,  
While the brief minutes swoon to endless days  
Filled full of sad, inconstant thoughtfulness.

Behold 'tis eventide. Dun cattle stand  
Drownd in the misted grasses. From the hollows  
deep,  
Dim veils, adrift, o'er arch and tower sweep,  
Casting a dreary doubt along the land,  
Weighting the twilight with some vague distress.

Transient and subtle, not to thought more near  
Than spirit is to flesh, about me rise  
Dim memories, long lost to love's sad eyes ;  
Now are they wandering shadows, strange and drear,  
That from their natal substance far have strayed.

The witches of the mind possess the time,  
And cry, " Behold thy dead ! " They come, they pass ;  
We yearn to give them feature, face. Alas !  
Love hath no morn for memory's failing prime ;  
What once was sweet with truth is but a shade.

The ghosts of nameless sorrow, joy, despair,  
Emotions that have no remembered source,  
Love-waifs from other worlds, hope, fear, remorse  
Born of some vision's crime, wail through the air,  
Crying, "We were and are not,"—that is all.

Yet sweet the indecisive evening hour  
That hath of earth the least. Unreal as dreams  
Dreamed within dreams, and ever further, seems  
The sound of human toil, while grass and flower  
Bend where the mercy of the dew doth fall.

Strange mysteries of expectation wait  
Above the grave-mounds of the storied space,  
Where, buried, lie a nation's strength and grace,  
And the sad joys of Rome's imperious state  
That perished of its insolent excess.

A dull, gray shroud o'er this vast burial rests,  
Is deathly still, or seems to rise and fall,  
As on a dear one, dead, the moveless pall  
Doth cheat the heart with stir of her white breasts,  
Mocking the troubled hour with worse distress.

A deathful languor holds the twilight mist,  
Unearthly colours drape the Alban hills,  
A dull malaria the spirit fills ;  
Death and decay all beauty here have kissed,  
Pledging the land to sorrowing loveliness.

ROME, *May* 1891.

## THE GRAVE OF KEATS

THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY AT ROME

“ Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

FAIR little city of the pilgrim dead,  
Dear are thy marble streets, thy rosy lanes :  
Easy it seems and natural here to die,  
And death a mother, who with tender care  
Doth lay to sleep her ailing little ones.  
Old are these graves, and they who, mournfully,  
Saw dust to dust return, themselves are mourned ;  
Yet, in green cloisters of the cypress shade,  
Full-choired chants the fearless nightingale  
Ancestral songs learned when the world was young.  
Sing on, sing ever in thy breezy homes ;  
Toss earthward from the white acacia bloom  
The mingled joy of fragrance and of song ;  
Sing in the pure security of bliss.  
These dead concern thee not, nor thee the fear  
That is the shadow of our earthly loves.  
And me thou canst not comfort ; tender hearts  
Inherit here the anguish of the doubt  
Writ on this gravestone. He, at last, I trust,  
Serenity of sure attainment knows.

The night falls, and the darkened verdure starred  
With pallid roses shuts the world away.  
Sad wandering souls of song, frail ghosts of thought  
That voiceless died, the massing shadows haunt,  
Troubling the heart with unfulfilled delight.  
The moon is listening in the vault of heaven,  
And, like the airy beat of mighty wings,  
The rhythmic throb of stately cadences  
Inthralls the ear with some high-measured verse,  
Where ecstasies of passion-nurtured words  
For great thoughts find a home, and fill the mind  
With echoes of divinely purposed hopes  
That wore on earth the death-pall of despair.  
Night darkens round me. Never more in life  
May I, companioned by the friendly dead,  
Walk in this sacred fellowship again ;  
Therefore, thou silent singer 'neath the grass,  
Still sing to me those sweeter songs unsung,  
"Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone,"  
Caressing thought with wonderments of phrase  
Such as thy springtide rapture knew to win.  
Ay, sing to me thy unborn summer songs,  
And the ripe autumn lays that might have been ;  
Strong wine of fruit mature, whose flowers alone we  
know.

ROME, *May* 1891.

## A PRAYER

“And in Thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness ; and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things.”—Psalm xlv. 4.

ALMIGHTY GOD ! eternal source  
Of every arm we dare to wield,  
Be Thine the thanks, as Thine the force,  
On reeling deck or stricken field ;  
The thunder of the battle hour  
Is but the whisper of Thy power.

Thine is our wisdom, Thine our might ;  
Oh, give us, more than strength and skill,  
The calmness born of sense of right,  
The steadfast heart, the quiet will  
To keep the awful tryst with death,  
To know Thee in the cannon's breath.

By Thee was given the thought that bowed  
All hearts upon the victor deck,  
When, high above the battle shroud,  
The white flag fluttered o'er the wreck,  
And Thine the hand that checked the cheer  
In that wild hour of death and fear !

O Lord of love ! be Thine the grace  
To teach, amid the wrath of war,  
Sweet pity for a humbled race,  
Some thought of those in lands afar  
Where sad-eyed women vainly yearn  
For those who never shall return.

Great Master of earth's mighty school,  
Whose children are of every land,  
Inform with love our alien rule,  
And stay us with Thy warning hand  
If, tempted by imperial greed,  
We, in Thy watchful eyes, exceed ;

That in the days to come, O Lord,  
When we ourselves have passed away,  
And all are gone who drew the sword,  
The children of our breed may say,  
These were our sires, who, doubly great,  
Could strike, yet spare the fallen state.



## CERVANTES<sup>1</sup>

THERE are who gather with decisive power  
The mantle of contentment round their souls,  
And face with strange serenity the hour  
Of pain, or grief, or any storm that rolls  
Destruction o'er the tender joys of life.

There are whom some great quest of heart or brain  
Keeps even-poised, whatever fate the years  
May fetch to mock with lesser loss or gain,  
And find brief joy in smiles, small grief in tears,  
And tranquil take the hurts of human strife.

A few there be who, spendthrift heirs of mirth  
Immortal, mock the insolence of fate,  
And with a breath of jesting round the earth  
Ripple men's cheeks with smiles, and gay, elate,  
Sit ever in the sunshine of their mood.

Oh, royal master of all merry chords,  
Of every note in mirth's delightful scale,  
To thee was spared no pang that earth affords,  
Nor any woe of sorrow's endless tale,—  
Want, prison, wounds, all that has man subdued ;

<sup>1</sup> See note No. 3.

But, light of soul, as if all life were joy,  
For ever armed with humour's shining mail,  
True-hearted, gallant, free from scorn's alloy,  
When life was beggared of its best, and frail  
Grew hope, 'tis said thou still wert lord of smiles.

This could I wish ; and yet it well may be  
Thy heart smiled not, for wit, like fairy gold,  
Mayhap won naught for him who scattered glee,  
No help for him by whom the jest was told,—  
The world's sad fool, whose ever-ready wiles

Rang the glad bells of laughter down the years,  
And cheated pain with merry mysteries,  
And from a prison cell, the twins of tears,  
Sent forth his Don and Squire to win at ease  
Such joy of mirth as his could never be.

Ah, who can say ! His latest day of pain  
Took Shakespeare's kindred soul. I trust they met  
Where smiles are frequent, and the saddest gain  
What earth denies, the privilege to forget  
"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely."

But where he sleeps, the land which gave him birth,  
And gave no more to him, its greatest child,  
Knows not to-day. Some levelled heap of earth,  
Some nameless stone, lies o'er him who beguiled  
So many a heart from thinking on its pain.

Yet I can fancy that at morning there  
The birds sing gladder, and at evening still  
The peasant, resting from his day of care,  
Goes joyous thence with some mysterious thrill  
Of lightsome mirth, whose cause he seeks in vain.

GRANADA, *October* 1888.

## THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD

FOUR straight brick walls, severely plain,  
A quiet city square surround ;  
A level space of nameless graves,—  
The Quakers' burial-ground.

In gown of gray, or coat of drab,  
They trod the common ways of life,  
With passions held in sternest leash,  
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,  
With thoughts as sober as their speech,  
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,  
To hear the elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days they came,  
With scarce a change to this repose ;  
Of all life's loveliness they took  
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves,  
Glad rings the southward robin's glee  
And sparrows fill the autumn air  
With merry mutiny ;

While on the graves of drab and gray  
The red and gold of autumn lie,  
And wilful Nature decks the sod  
In gentlest mockery.

1879.

## A CANTICLE OF TIME

HOURS of grieving,  
Hours of thought ;  
Hours of believing,  
Hours of naught.  
Hours when the thieving  
Fingers of doubt steal  
Heart riches, faith bought.  
Hours of spirit dearth,  
Earthy, and born of earth,  
When the racked universe  
Is as a hell or worse.  
Hours when the curtain, furled  
Backward, revealed to us  
Sorrowful sin gulfs  
Self had concealed from us.  
Hours of wretchedness ;  
Palsies that blind.  
Hours none else can guess,  
When the dumb mind  
Faints, and heart wisdom  
Is all that we find.  
Hours when the cloud  
That hides the unknown,  
A cumbering shroud,

About us is thrown.  
Hours that seem to part  
Goodness and God.  
Hours of fierce yearning,  
When fruit of love's earning  
Is shred from the heart.  
Hours when no angel  
Hovers o'er life.  
Hours when no Christ-God  
Pities our strife.  
Yea, such is life !

Slowly the hours  
Gather to years ;  
They deal with our tears  
That grief be not vain,  
Gently as flowers  
Deal with the rain.  
Slowly the hours  
Gather to years,  
Sowing with roses  
The graves of our fears.  
Lo ! the dark crosses  
Of torture's completeness  
Mistily fade into  
Symbols of sweetness,  
And behold it is evening.  
Swift through the grass  
Shuttles of shadow  
Silently pass,  
Weaving at last  
Tapestries sombre,

Solemn and vast,  
And behold it is night !  
Silence profound,  
Solitude vacant  
Of touch and of sound  
Thy being doth bound.  
This is death's loneliness,  
Answerless, pitiless !  
What of thee was king,  
Let it crownless descend  
From its tottering throne ;  
Lo ! thou art alone,  
And behold, 'tis the end !

What sayeth the soul ?  
"God wasteth naught.  
Think you in vain  
He sowed in thy childhood  
Thought-seed in the brain,  
And the joy to create,  
Like his own joy, and will,  
Like a fragment of fate  
For the godlike control  
Of the heaven of thy angels,  
The loves of thy soul ?  
Ay, strong for the rule  
Of devils that tempt thee,  
Of demons that fool ?  
Shall so much of Him  
Merely perish in haste,  
Just stumble, and die,  
And Death be a jester's mad riddle



Without a reply ?  
And Life naught but waste ?  
Behold, it is day,"  
Saith the soul.

1890.

## EGYPT

I SAW two vultures, gray they were and gorged :  
One on a mosque sat high, asleep he seemed,  
Claw-stayed within the silver crescent's curve ;  
Not far away, another, gray as he,  
As full content and somnolent with food,  
Clutched with instinctive grip the golden cross  
High on the church an alien creed had built.  
Yon in the museum mighty Rameses sleeps,  
For some new childhood swaddled like a babe.  
Osiris and Jehovah, Allah, Christ,  
This land hath known, and, in the dawn of time,  
The brute-god-creature crouching in the sand,  
Ere Rameses worshipped and ere Seti died.  
How much of truth to each new faith He gave  
Who is the very father of all creeds,  
I know not now—nor shall know. Ever still  
Past temple, palace, tomb, the great Nile flows,  
Free and more free of bounty as men learn  
To use his values. Only this I know.

CAIRO, 1899.

## GIBRALTAR AT DAWN

UP and over the sea we came,  
And saw the dayspring leap in flame.  
Full in face Gibraltar lay,  
Crouching, lion-like, at bay,  
Stern and still and battle-scarred,  
Grimly keeping watch and ward.  
Hark, and hear the morning gun  
Salute time's admiral, the sun,  
While the bleak old storied keep,  
That hath never known to sleep,  
Golden 'neath the morning lies,  
Sentinelled with memories,  
Heard when, rolling from afar,  
The hoarse waves thunder, "Trafalgar!"

AT SEA, *December* 1898.

## THE TOMBS OF THE REGICIDES, VEVAY<sup>1</sup>

LUDLOW AND BROUGHTON

ALONE on the vine-covered hillside,  
Set gray 'gainst the ivy-clad walnuts,  
Stands, sombre as Calvin, and barren  
Of crucifix, altar, and picture,  
The church of St. Martin. A stranger,  
I stood where the pride of its arches  
Looks scorn on the Puritan's sadness.  
Not prouder for Switzerland's annals  
The glory of Morat or Sempach  
That these darkened tablets that tell us  
How gladly for Ludlow and Broughton  
She lifted the shield of protection,  
How sternly she answered the summons  
To render her guests to the headsman.  
The parents that gave their true soul-life  
Were England and Freedom. Ah, surely  
With courage and conscience they honoured  
That parentage costly of sorrow,  
And did the just deed and abided.  
Long, long were the days that God gave them

<sup>1</sup> See note No. 4.

With friendships and peace in this refuge,  
Where sadly they yearned for the home-land,  
And saw their great Oliver's England  
Bowed low in the dust of dishonour.

VEVAY, *August* 19, 1888.

## OF THE REMEMBERED DEAD

THERE is no moment when our dead lose power ;  
Unsignalled, unannounced they visit us.  
Who calleth them I know not. Sorrowful,  
They haunt reproachfully some venal hour  
In days of joy, or when the world is near,  
And for a moment scourge with memories  
The money changers of the temple-soul.  
In the dim space between two gulfs of sleep,  
Or in the stillness of the lonely shore,  
They rise for balm or torment, sweet or sad,  
And most are mine where, in the kindly woods,  
Beside the child-like joy of summer streams,  
The stately sweetness of the pine hath power  
To call their kindred comforting anew.  
Use well thy dead. They come to ask of thee  
What thou hast done with all this buried love,  
The seed of purer life ? Or has it fallen unused  
In stony ways and brought thy life no gain ?  
Wilt thou with gladness in another world  
Say it has grown to forms of duty done  
And ruled thee with a conscience not thine own ?  
Another world ! How shall we find our dead ?  
What forceful law shall bring us face to face ?  
Another world ! What yearnings there shall guide ?

Will love souls twinned of love bring near again?  
And that one common bond of duty held  
This living and that dead, when life was theirs?  
Or shall some stronger soul, in life revered,  
Bring both to touch, with nature's certainty,  
As the pure crystal atoms of its kind  
Draws into fellowship of loveliness?

1889.

E. D. M.

THERE is a heart I knew in other days,  
Not ever far from any one day's thought ;  
One pure as are the purest. All the years  
Of battle or of peace, of joy or grief,  
Take him no further from me. Oftentimes,  
When the sweet tenderness of some glad girl  
Disturbs with tears, full suddenly I know  
It is because one memory ever dear  
Is matched a moment with its living kin.  
Or when at hearing of some gallant deed  
My throat fills, and I may not dare to say  
The quick praise in me, then I know, alas !  
'Tis by this dear dead nobleness my soul is stirred.  
He lived, he loved, he died. Brief epitaph !  
What hour of duty in the long grim wards  
Poisoned his life, I know not. Painfully  
He sickened, yearning for the strife of War  
That went its thunderous way unhelped of him ;  
And then he died. A little duty done ;  
A little love for many, much for me,  
And that was all beneath this earthly sun.



## PAINED UNTO DEATH

E. K. M.

ONE life I knew was a psalm, a terrible psalm of pain,  
Dark with disaster of torment, heart and brain  
Racked as if God were not, and hope a dream  
Some demon memory brought to bid blaspheme  
All life's dismembered sweetness. "Peace, be still,"  
I hear her spirit whisper. "His the will  
That from some unseen bow of purpose sped  
Thy sorrow and my torture." God of dread !  
The long sad years that justify the dead,  
The long sad years at last interpreted :  
Serene as clouds that over stormy seas  
At sunset rise with mystery of increase,  
One with the passionate deep that gave them birth,  
Her gentled spirit rose on wings of peace,  
And was and was not of this under earth.

1890.

TO THE FLOWER KNOWN AS THE  
QUAKER LADY<sup>1</sup>

'MID drab and gray of mouldered leaves,  
The spoil of last October,  
I see the Quaker lady stand  
In dainty garb and sober.

No speech has she for praise or prayer,  
No blushes, as I claim  
To know what gentle whisper gave  
Her prettiness a name.

The wizard stillness of the hour  
My fancy aids : again  
Return the days of hoop and hood  
And tranquil William Penn.

I see a maid amid the wood  
Demurely calm and meek,  
Or troubled by the mob of curls  
That riots on her cheek.

<sup>1</sup> *Housatonia cerulea*, or Bluets, known in Pennsylvania as the Quaker Lady.

Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are red,—  
Gay colours for a Friend,—  
And Nature with her mocking rouge  
Stands by a blush to lend.

The gown that holds her rosy grace  
Is truly of the oddest ;  
And wildly leaps her tender heart  
Beneath the kerchief modest.

It must have been the poet Love  
Who, while she slyly listened,  
Divined the maiden in the flower,  
And thus her semblance christened.

Was he a proper Quaker lad  
In suit of simple gray ?  
What fortune had his venturous speech,  
And was it "yea" or "nay" ?

And if indeed she murmured "yea,"  
And throbbed with worldly bliss,  
I wonder if in such a case  
Do Quakers really kiss ?

Or was it some love-wildered beau  
Of old colonial days,  
With clouded cane and brodered coat,  
And very artful ways ?

And did he whisper through her curls  
 Some wicked, pleasant vow,  
 And swear no courtly dame had words  
 As sweet as "thee" and "thou" ?

Or did he praise her dimpled chin  
 In eager song or sonnet,  
 And find a merry way to cheat  
 Her kiss-defying bonnet ?

And sang he then in verses gay,  
 Amid this forest shady,  
 The dainty flower at her feet  
 Was like his Quaker lady ?

And did she pine in English fogs,  
 Or was his love enough ?  
 And did she learn to sport the fan,  
 And use the patch and puff ?

Alas ! perhaps she played quadrille,  
 And, naughty grown and older,  
 Was pleased to show a dainty neck  
 Above a snowy shoulder.

But sometimes in the spring, I think,  
 She saw as in a dream,  
 The meeting-house, the home sedate,  
 The Schuylkill's quiet stream ;

And sometimes in the minuet's pause  
Her heart went wide afield  
To where, amid the woods of May,  
A blush its love revealed.

Till far away from court and king  
And powder and brocade,  
The Quaker ladies at her feet  
Their quaint obeisance made.

NEWPORT, 1889.

## FORGET-ME-NOTS

ON THE ALBULA PASS

THEY peep above the boulders gray,  
Stand dark against the snows,  
Leap modest from the billow's kiss  
Gray Albula bestows.

They bend beneath the cloaking mist,  
Crowd every open spot,  
And murmur with assurance gay  
One phrase, "*Forget me not.*"

The gentle chorus rises still  
Unanimously sweet ;  
They seem to leave their quiet nooks,  
And cluster round my feet.

*Forget thee not ?* Yet how to learn  
The very ample art  
To love an army corps of maids,  
All bidding for my heart !

There may be who would think those eyes,  
So constant and so true,  
To be—forgive the daring thought—  
Monotonously blue.

And then, if all these myriad lips  
To but one song are set,  
There might be luxury in the power  
A little to forget.

No gay arithmetic of love  
Could solve this puzzling sum,  
Nor leave a Mormon lover aught  
But resolutely dumb ;

For all historic cases fail  
Before my hopeless lot,  
When fifty thousand viewless tongues  
Say just "*Forget me not.*"

Nor yet am I the first or last  
By whom their cry is heard ;  
They breathe it to the careless wind  
They cast it to the bird.

Who gave these mountain-maids their song ?  
What lover's murmured thought  
Unnumbered centuries ago  
Their tender legend taught ?

Or was it from some wounded soul  
In torture and despair  
They learned these faint, appealing words,—  
The wail of human prayer ?

I know not. Love is boundless large ;  
Past Albula's cloud-towers  
A joyous shaft of sunshine falls  
On me and on the flowers.

Mysterious vestals of the hill,  
In pretty council met,  
Pray teach me now that wiser art,  
How easiest to forget.

The song is hushed, the drooping mist  
Shrouds every silent form,  
And thoughtful down the lonely pass  
I move amid the storm.

ENGADINE, *July* 8, 1888.



## NOONDAY WOODS—NIPIGON

BETWEEN thin fingers of the pine  
The fluid gold of sunlight slips,  
And through the tamarack's gray-green fringe  
Upon the level birch leaves drips.

Through all the still, moist forest air  
Slow trickles down the soft, warm sheen,  
And flecks the branching wood of ferns  
With tender tints of pallid green,

To rest where close to mouldered trunks  
The red and purple berries lie,  
Where tiny jungles of the moss  
Their tropic forests rear on high.

Fast, fast asleep the woodland rests,  
Stirs not the tamarack's topmost sheaf,  
And slow the subtle sunlight glides  
With noiseless step from leaf to leaf.

And lo, he comes ! the fairy prince,  
The heir of richer, softer strands :  
A summer guest of sterner climes,  
He moves across the vassal lands.

And lo, he comes ! the fairy prince,  
The joyous sweet south-western breeze :  
He bounds across the dreaming lake,  
And bends to kiss the startled trees,

Till all the woodland wakes to life,  
The pheasant chirps, the chipmunks cry,  
And scattered flakes of golden light  
Athwart the dark wood-spaces fly.

Ah, but a moment, and away !  
The fair, false prince has kissed and fled :  
No more the wood shall feel his touch,  
No more shall know his joyous tread.

NIPIGON LAKE, 1872.

## NIPIGON LAKE

HIGH-SHOULDERED and ruddy and sturdy,  
Like droves of pre-Adamite monsters,  
The vast mounded rocks of red basalt  
Lie basking round Nipigon's waters ;  
And still lies the lake, as if fearing  
To trouble their centuried slumber ;  
And heavy o'er lake and in heaven  
A dim veil of smoke tells of forests  
Ablaze in the far lonely Northland :  
And over us, blood-red and sullen,  
The sun shines on gray-shrouded islands,  
And under us, blood-red and sullen,  
The sun in the dark umber water  
Looks up at the gray, murky heaven,  
While one lonely loon on the water  
Is wailing his mate, and beside us  
Two shaggy-haired Chippewa children  
In silence watch sadly the white man.

NIPIGON, 1871.

## RAIN IN CAMP

THE camp-fire smoulders and will not burn,  
And a sullen smoke from the blackened logs  
Lazily swirls through the dank wood caves,  
While the laden leaves with a quick relief  
Let fall their loads, as the pool beyond  
Leaps 'neath the thin gray lash of the rain,  
And is builded thick with silver bells.  
But I lie on my back in vague despair,  
Trying it over thrice and again,  
To see if my words will say the thing.  
But the sodden moss, and the wet black wood,  
And the shining curves of the dancing leaves,  
The drip and drop, and tumble and patter,  
The humming roar in the sturdy pines,  
Alas, shall there no man paint or tell.

## THE CARRY

NIPIGON

BLUE is the sky overhead,  
Blue with the Northland's pallor,  
Never a cloud in sight,  
Naught but the moon's gray sickle ;  
And ever around me, gray,  
Ashes, and rock, and lichen.  
Far as the sick eye searches  
Ghastly trunks, that were trees once,  
Up to their bony branches  
Carry the gray of ruin.  
Lo ! where across the mountain  
Swept the scythe of the wind-fall,  
Moss of a century's making  
Lies on this death-swath lonely,  
Where in grim heaps the wood sachems,  
Like to the strange dead of battle,  
Stay, with their limbs ever rigid  
Set in the doom-hour of anguish.  
Far and away o'er this waste land  
Wanders a trail through gray boulders,  
Brown to the distant horizon.

## PISA : THE DUOMO

Lo, this is like a song writ long ago,  
Born of the easy strength of simpler days,  
Filled with the life of man, his joy, his praise,  
Marriage and childhood, love, and sin, and woe,  
Defeat and victory, and all men know  
Of passionate remorse, and the stays  
That help the weary on life's rugged ways.  
A dreaming seraph felt this beauty grow  
In sleep's pure hour, and with joy grown bold  
Set the fair vision in the thought of man ;  
And Time, with antique tints of ivory wan,  
And gentle industries of rain and light,  
Its stones rejoiced, and o'er them crumbled gold  
Won from the boundaries of day and night.

PISA, *May* 1891.

## THE VESTAL'S DREAM

AH, Venus, white-limbed mother of delight,  
    Why shouldst thou tease her with a dream so dear?  
    Winged tenderness of kisses, hovering near,  
Her gentle longings cheat. Forbidden sight  
Of eager eyes doth through the virgin night  
    Perplex her innocence with cherished fear.  
    O cruel thou, with sweets to ripen here  
In wintry cloisters what can know but blight.  
    Wilt leave her now to scorn? The lictor's blows  
To-morrow will be merciless. The light  
Dies on the altar! Nay, swift through the night,  
    Comes pitiful the queen of young desire,  
    That reddened in a dream this chaste white rose,  
And lights with silver torch the fallen fire.

ROME, *May* 1891.

## THE DECAY OF VENICE

THE glowing pageant of my story lies,  
A shaft of light, across the stormy years,  
When, 'mid the agony of blood and tears,  
Or pope or kaiser won the mournful prize,  
Till I, the fearless child of ocean, heard  
The step of doom, and trembling to my fall,  
Remorseful knew that I had seen unstirred  
Proud Freedom's death, the tyrant's festival ;  
Whilst that Italia which was yet to be,  
And is, and shall be, sat, a virgin pure,  
High over Umbria on the mountain slopes,  
And saw the failing fires of liberty  
Fade on the chosen shrine she deemed secure,  
When died for many a year man's noblest hopes.

VENICE, *June* 1891.



## MY CASTLES IN SPAIN

Ho, joyous friend, with beard of brown !  
A half-hour back 'twas gray ;  
A half-hour back you wore a frown,  
But now the world looks gay.  
For here the mirror's courtly grace  
Cheats you with a youthful face,  
And here the poet clock of time  
Each happy minute counts in rhyme ;  
And here the roses never die,  
And " Yes " is here Love's sole reply.  
Gladder land can no man gain  
Than my mystic realm of Spain.  
Come with me, for I am one  
Hidalgo-born of Aragon ;  
I will show you why I choose  
Thus to live in Andalouse.  
Across the terrace, up the stair,  
Our steps shall wander to and fro  
Where pensive stand the statues fair,  
And murmur songs of long ago.  
Or will you see my pictures old,  
The landscapes hung for my delight  
In window-frames of fretted gold,  
Where, glowing, shines in colour bright

That Claude of mine at full of noon,  
When the ripe, eager blood of June  
Stirs bird and leaf, and everywhere  
The world is one gay love affair?  
Or shall we linger, looking west,  
Just when my Turner's at its best,  
To watch the cold stars, one by one,  
Crawl to the embers of the sun,  
Whilst all the gray sierra snows  
Are ruddy with the twilight rose?  
Believe me, artists there are none  
Like those of mine in Aragon;  
Nor painter would I care to choose  
Beside the sun of Andalous.  
Or shall we part the shining leaves  
Down drooping from the vine-clad eaves,  
And see, amidst the sombre pines,  
The maiden take a shameless kiss?  
Around his neck her white arm twines,  
And still is sweet their changeless bliss.  
I know she cannot aught refuse,  
For that's the law in Andalous,  
And ever 'neath this happy sun  
There is no sin in Aragon.  
Or shall we cast yon casement wide,  
And see the knights before us ride,  
The charging Cid, the Moors that flee?  
Grim although the battles be  
That through my window-frames I see,  
No death is there, nor any pain,  
Because on my estates in Spain  
All passions gaily run their course,  
But lack the shadow-fiend remorse.

Something 'tis to make one vain  
Thus to be grandee of Spain ;  
For the wine of Andalouse  
All the world a man might lose,  
Could he see what rosy shapes  
Trample out my Spanish grapes,  
Know how pink the feet that bruise  
My gold-green grapes of Andalouse.  
Ah, but if you're not a don,  
Drink no wine of Aragon.  
Dreamland loves and elfin flavours,  
Gay romances, fairy favours,  
Moonlit mists and glad confusions,  
Youth's brief mystery of delusions,  
Racing, chasing, haunt the brain  
Of him who drinks this wine of Spain.  
Where the quarterings were won  
That make of me a Spanish don  
No one asks in Aragon.  
Never blood of Bourbon grew  
So magnificently blue ;  
Blood have I that once was Dante's ;  
Kinsman am I of Cervantes.  
Come and see what nobles fine  
Make my proud ancestral line :  
In my gallery set apart,  
Lo where art interprets art.  
Yes, you needs must like it well,—  
Shakespeare's face by Raphael.  
Ah, 'tis very nobly done,  
But that's the air of Aragon.  
He left me that which till life ends  
Is surely mine,—the best of friends ;

And chiefly one, if you would know,  
I love of all, Mercutio.  
Velasquez? Ay, he knew a man,  
And well he drew my Puritan,  
With eyes too full of heaven's light  
To dream our day as aught but night.  
If my soul stirs swift at wrong,  
This sire made that instinct strong.  
Da Vinci touched with love the face  
That keeps for me young Surrey's grace.  
And that,—ah, that is one to like,  
My kinsman Sidney, by Vandyke.  
Some words he gave, of which bereft  
My life were poorer. There, to left  
Are they whose rills of English song  
Unto my royal blood belong.  
For poet, painter, priest, and lay  
Went to make my Spanish clay;  
And here away in Andalouse,  
Whatever mood my soul may choose,  
The poet's joy, the soldier's force,  
Finds for me its parent source  
Where, along the pictured wall,  
Hero voices on me call,  
With the falling of the dews,  
In Aragon or Andalouse,  
When the mystic shadows troop,  
When my fairy flowers droop,  
And the joyous day is done  
In Andalouse or Aragon.

GRANADA, *May 27, 1888.*

## DREAMLAND

Up anchor ! Up anchor !  
Set sail and away !  
The ventures of dreamland  
Are thine for a day.  
Yo, heave ho !  
Aloft and alow  
Elf sailors are singing,  
Yo, heave ho !  
The breeze that is blowing  
So sturdily strong  
Shall fill up thy sail  
With the breath of a song.  
A fay at the mast-head  
Keeps watch o'er the sea ;  
Blown amber of tresses  
Thy banner shall be ;  
Thy freight the lost laughter  
That sad souls have missed,  
Thy cargo the kisses  
That never were kissed.  
And ho, for a fay maid  
Born merry in June,  
Of dainty red roses  
Beneath a red moon.

The star-pearls that midnight  
Casts down on the sea,  
Dark gold of the sunset  
Her fortune shall be.  
And ever she whispers,  
More tenderly sweet,  
"Love am I, love only,  
Love perfect, complete.  
The world is my lordship,  
The heart is my slave ;  
I mock at the ages,  
I laugh at the grave.  
Wilt sail with me ever  
A dream-haunted sea,  
Whose whispering waters  
Shall murmur to thee  
The love-haunted lyrics  
Dead poets have made  
Ere life had a fetter,  
Ere love was afraid ?"  
Then up with the anchor !  
Set sail and away !  
The ventures of loveland  
Are thine for a day.

NEWPORT, 1890.

ON A BOY'S FIRST READING OF  
THE PLAY OF "KING HENRY  
THE FIFTH."

WHEN youth was lord of my unchallenged fate,  
And time seemed but the vassal of my will,  
I entertained certain guests of state—  
The great of older days, who, faithful still,  
Have kept with me the pact my youth had made.

And I remember how one galleon rare  
From the far distance of a time long dead  
Came on the wings of a fair-fortuned air,  
With sound of martial music heralded,  
In blazonry of storied shields arrayed.

So the *Great Harry* with high trumpetings,  
The wind of victory in her burly sails !  
And all her deck with clang of armour rings :  
And under-flown the Lily standard trails,  
And over-flown the royal Lions ramp.

The waves she rode are strewn with silent wrecks,  
Her proud sea-comrades once ; but ever yet  
Comes time-defying laughter from her decks,

Where stands the lion-lord Plantagenet,  
Large-hearted, merry, king of court and camp.

Sail on ! sail on ! The fatal blasts of time,  
That spared so few, shall thee with joy escort ;  
And with the stormy thunder of thy rhyme  
Shalt thou salute full many a centuried port  
With "Ho ! for Harry and red Agincourt !"

1898.



A DECANTER OF MADEIRA, AGED 86,  
TO GEORGE BANCROFT, AGED 86

GREETING :

I

Good master, you and I were born  
In "Teacup days" of hoop and hood,  
And when the silver cue hung down,  
And toasts were drunk, and wine was good ;

II

When kin of mine (a jolly brood)  
From sideboards looked, and knew full well  
What courage they had given the beau,  
How generous made the blushing belle.

III

Ah, me ! what gossip could I prate  
Of days when doors were locked at dinners !  
Believe me, I have kissed the lips  
Of many pretty saints—or sinners.

## IV

Lip service have I done, alack !  
I don't repent, but come what may,  
What ready lips, sir, I have kissed,  
Be sure at least I shall not say.

## V

Two honest gentlemen are we,—  
I Demi John, whole George are you ;  
When Nature grew us one in years  
She meant to make a generous brew.

## VI

She bade me store for festal hours  
The sun our south side vineyard knew ;  
To sterner tasks she set your life,  
As statesman, writer, scholar, grew.

## VII

Years eighty-six have come and gone ;  
At last we meet. Your health to-night.  
Take from this board of friendly hearts  
The memory of a proud delight.

## VIII

The days that went have made you wise,  
There's wisdom in my rare bouquet.  
I'm rather paler than I was ;  
And, on my soul, you're growing gray.

## IX

I like to think, when Toper Time  
Has drained the last of me and you,  
Some here shall say, "They both were good,—  
The wine we drank, the man we knew."

NEWPORT, *October 3*, 1886.

## GOOD-NIGHT

GOOD-NIGHT ! Good-night ! Ah, good the night  
That wraps thee in its silver light.  
Good-night. No night is good for me  
That does not hold a thought of thee.  
Good-night.

Good-night. Be every night as sweet  
As that which made our love complete,  
Till that last night when death shall be  
One brief "Good-night," for thee and me.  
Good-night.

NEWPORT, 1890.

## COME IN

“COME in.” I stand, and know in thought  
The honest kiss, the waiting word,  
The love with friendship interwrought,  
The face serene by welcome stirred.

BAR HARBOUR, 1892.

## LOSS

LIFE may moult many feathers, yet delight  
To soar and circle in a heaven of joy ;  
The pinion robbed must learn more swift employ,  
Till the thinned feathers end our eager flight.

BAR HARBOUR, 1892.

## A GRAVEYARD

As beats the unrestful sea some ice-clad isle  
Set in the sorrowful night of arctic seas,  
Some lorn domain of endless silences,  
So, echoless, unanswered, falleth here  
The great-voiced city's roar of fretful life.

ROME, 1891.

## EVENING

I KNOW the night is near at hand.  
The mists lie low on hill and bay,  
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry ;  
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day ;  
When at Thy call I have the night,  
Brief be the twilight as I pass  
From light to dark, from dark to light.

BAR HARBOUR, *October* 1899.

## NOTES

### NOTE 1, Page 14.—FRANÇOIS VILLON

François Villon, born 1431, poet, thief, vagabond, led a life of excesses, in which were sharp experiences of the prison and the torture-chamber. His ballad "Des Pendus" was written in 1461, whilst he was under sentence of death. Soon after he is lost to history, and becomes fair subject for the imagination. There is not the least foundation in any known facts for the story I have labelled with his name. The resemblance of the plot to that of a recent play has been frequently noticed.

### NOTE 2, Page 31.—FRANCIS DRAKE

The difficulty of realising to-day the feelings and motives of the men of another era is well illustrated in the incidents on which I have based the dramatic poem of "Francis Drake." In the poetical telling of it I have adhered with reasonable fidelity to the somewhat varying statements given in *The World Encompassed* (1628), Hakluyt Society, No. 16; the extracts of evidence as to the trial of Doughty from the Harleian manuscripts, in the same volume; Barrow's life of Drake; and an admirable biography of the great sea-captain by Julian Corbett. I have had neither desire nor intention to make of this strange story an acting drama. Doughty, as he is drawn by Mr. Corbett, must have been, as he says, an Iago of rare type.

A scholar, a soldier, a gentleman of the Inner Temple, more or less learned in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, he seems to have had great power to attract the affections of men. That he betrayed his friend's trust, and was guilty of mutiny, and even of contemplating darker crime, appears probable, although as to the details of this sad story we know little, but small fragments of the evidence given on the trial having been preserved. The historian, more than the poet, may well be perplexed at the nobler characteristics which appear in this singular being on the approach of death. It is here that the judgments of to-day fail us before the account of the quiet, cheerful talk<sup>1</sup> at dinner while the headsman waits. An immense curiosity fills us as to what was said. Then, there is the sacrament taken with Drake, the final embrace, the remarkable words of quotation from Sir Thomas More,<sup>2</sup> omitted in the poem, and at last the axe and block. It is worthy of note that there was no woman in this tragic story.

NOTE 3, Page 133.—CERVANTES

Cervantes, who lost a hand at Lepanto, was for five years a prisoner in Algiers, and on his release lived a life of sad vicissitudes, dying in want on the 23rd of April 1616, the day of Shakespeare's death. Where lie the bones of the creator of Don Quixote is wholly unknown.

<sup>1</sup> "They dined, also at the same table together, as cheerfully in sobriety as ever in their lives they had done aforetime; each cheering up the other, and taking their leave, by drinking each to other, as if some journey only had been in hand." (*The World Encompassed*, p. 67. Hakluyt Society's Edition.)

<sup>2</sup> Doughty is credited in one account of his death with saying to the executioner, when about to lay his head on the block, "As good Sir Thomas More said, 'I fear thou wilt have little honesty [*i.e.* credit] of so short a neck.'"



## NOTE 4, Page 144.—GRAVES OF REGICIDES

The regicides buried in the church of St. Martin, at Vevay, are Broughton, Ludlow, and Phelps. The tombstones of the first two are visible. Phelps has recently been commemorated by a stone placed upon the wall by the American descendants of his family—the Phelps of New England and New Jersey. Ludlow and Broughton lived to a great age at Vevay, and so, also, I believe, did Phelps, of whom less is known.

THE END













